Appius and Virginia,

Acted at the Dukes THEATER
under the name of

THE ROMAN VIRGIN
OR
UNJUST JUDGE,
A
TRAGEDY.

BY
JOHN WEBSTER.

LONDON
Printed, and are to be sold by most Booksellers. 1679.

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APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

Actus Primus Scena Prima.

Enter Minutius, Oppius, and Lictors.

Minut. IS *Appius* sent for, that we may acquaint him with the decree o'th' Senate?

Lictor He is, my Lord, and will attend your Lordships presently.

Opp. Lictor, did you tell him that our busineſſe was from the Senate?

Lict. I did, my Lord, and here he is at hand.

Enter Appius, his two Cozens, and M. Clodius.

Appius My Lords, your pleasure?

Minut. *Appius*, the Senate greet you well, and by us do signifie unto you that they have choſen you one of the Decemviri.

App. My Lords, far be it from the thoughts of ſo poor a Plebeian, as your unworthy ſervant *Appius*, to ſoar ſo high: the dignity of ſo eminent a place would require a perſon of the beſt parts and blood in Rome. My Lords, he that muſt ſteer at th' head of an Empire, ought to be the Mirrour of the times for Wiſdome and for Policie, and therefore I would beſeech the Senate to elect one worthy of the place, and not to think of one ſo unfit as *Appius*.

Minu. My Lord, my Lord, you dally with your wits.
I have seen children oft eat sweet meats thus,
as fearfull to devoure them:
you are wise, and play the modest courtier right,
to make so many bits of your delight.

Oppius. But you must know, what we have once concluded
cannot for any private mans affection
be slighted: take your choice then with best judgement
of these two proffers, either to accept
the place propos'd you, or be banished Rome
immediately: *Lictors* make way: we expect
your speedy resolution. *Exeunt Oppius, Minutius.*

1. *Cozen.* Noble cozen,
you wrong your selfe extremely to refuse
so Eminent a place.

2. *Cozen.* It is a meanes
to raise your kindred. Who shall dare t'oppose
himselfe against our Family, when yonder
shall sit your power, and frowne?

Appius. Or banisht Rome!
I pray forbear a little, *Marcus.*

Marcus. Cl. Sir.

Appius. How dost thou like my cunning?

Marcus. Cl. I protest
I was be-agued, fearing left the Senate
should have accepted at your fain'd refusall.
See how your kindred and your friends are muster'd
to warme them at your sun-shine. Were you now
in prison, or arraign'd before the Senate
for some suspect of treason, all these swallowes
would flie your stormy winter, not one sing:
their Musick is the Summer and the Spring.

Appius. Thou obserest shrewdly: well, Ile fit them for't.
I must be one of the *Decemviri*,
or banish't Rome. Banisht! laugh, my trusty *Marcus*,
I am inforc't to my ambition.
I have heard of cunning footmen that have worne
shooes made of lead some ten dayes 'fore a race
to give them nimble and more active feet:
so great men should, that aspire eminent place,
load themselves with excuse and faint denyall,
that they with more speed may performe the trial:
Marke his humility saies one; how far
his dreames are from ambition, saies another;

he

he would not ſhew his Eloquence, leſt that
ſhould draw him into office: and a third
is meditating on ſome thrifty ſuite
to beg 'fore dinner. Had I as many hands
as had *Briarius*, I'de extend them all
to catch this office; 'twas my ſleeps diſturber,
my dyets ill digeſtion, my melancholy
paſt phyſicks cure.

Enter Oppius, Minutius, Lictors.

Marcus. The Senators returne.

Minu. My Lord, your anſwer.

Appius. To obey my Lord, and to know how to rule
doe differ much: to obey by nature comes,
but to command by long experience.
Never were great men in ſo eminent place
without their ſhadowes. Envy will attend
on greatneſſe till this generall frame takes end.
'Twixt theſe extreames of ſtate and baniſhment,
my minde hath held long conflict, and at laſt
I thus returne my anſwer, noble friends,
we now muſt part, neceſſity of State
compells it ſo.
I muſt inhabit, now a place unknowne,
you ſee't compels me leave you. Fare you well.

1. *Cozen.* To baniſhment, my Lord?

Appius. I am given up
to a long travell full of fear and danger,
to waſte the day in ſweat, and the cold night
in a moſt deſolate contemplation,
baniſht from all my kindred and my friends,
yea baniſht from my ſelfe; for I accept
this honourable calling.

Minu. Worthy *Appius*,
the gods conduct you hither: *Lictors*, His robes.

2. *Cozen.* We are made for ever, noble kinſman,
'twas but to fright us.

Appius. But my loving kinſmen,
miſtake me not, for what I ſpake was true,
bear witneſſe all the gods: I told you firſt,
I was to inhabit in a place unknown;
'tis very certaine, for this reverend ſeat
receives me as a pupill, rather gives
ornament to the perſon, then our perſon
the leaſt of grace to it. I ſhewed you next
I am to travell; 'tis a certaine truth:

Look by how much the labour of the minde
exceeds the bodies, ſo far am I bound
with paine and induſtry, beyond the toyle
of thoſe that ſweat in warre, beyond the toyle
of any Artiſan, pale cheeks, and ſunk eyes,
a head with watching dizied, and a haire
turn'd white in youth, all theſe at a dear rate
we purchaſe ſpeedily that tend a State.
I told you I muſt leave you, 'tis moſt true.
Henceforth the face of a Barbarian
and yours ſhall be all one, henceforth Ile know you
but only by your vertue: brother or father
in diſhoneſt ſuite ſhall be to me
as is the branded ſlave. Juſtice ſhould have
no kindred, friends, nor foes, nor hate, nor love,
as free from paſſion as the gods above.
I was your friend and kinſman, now your Judge,
and whilſt I hold the ſcales, a downy feather
ſhall as ſoone turne them as a maſſe of Pearle
or Diamonds.

Marcus. Excellent, excellent Lapwing,
there's other ſtuffe cloſed in that ſubtle breſt.
He ſings and beats his wings far from his neſt.

Appius. So Gentlemen, I take it, here takes end
your buſineſſe; my acquaintance, fare you well.

1. *Cozen.* Heres a quick change, who did expect this cloud?
Thus men when they grow great doe ſtrait grow proud.

Appius. Now to our preſent buſineſſe at the camp:
the army that doth winter 'fore *Agidon*,
is much diſtreſt we heare: *Minutius*,
you with the levies and the little corne
this preſent dearth will yield, are ſpeedily
to haſten thither, ſo to appeaſe the minde
of the intemperate ſouldier.

Minu: I am ready
the levies doe attend me, our Lieutenant
ſend on our Troopes.

Appius: Farewell *Minutius*,
the gods goe with you, and be ſtill at hand
to adde a triumph to your bold command. *Exeunt.*

Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Virginia.

Numitor. Noble *Icilius* welcome, teach your ſelfe
a bolder freedome here, for by our love

[your

your ſuite to my faire Neece doth parallell
her kindreds wiſhes. There's not in all Rome
a man that is by honour more approv'd
nor worthier, were you poore, to be belov'd.

Icilius. You give me (noble Lord) that character
which I cood never yet read in my ſelfe:
but from your cenſure ſhall I take much care
to adorne it with the faireſt ornaments
of unambitious vertue: here I hold
my honorable patterne, one whoſe minde
appeares more like a ceremonious chappell
full of ſweet muſick, then a thronging preſence.
I am confirm'd, the court doth make ſome ſhew
fairer then elſe they would doe; but her port
being ſimple vertue, beautifies the court,

Virginia. It is a flattery (my Lord)
you breath upon me, and it ſhewes much like
the borrowed painting which ſome Ladies uſe,
it is not to continue many dayes;
my wedding garments will outweare this praiſe.

Numitor. Thus Ladies ſtill foretell the funerall
of their Lords kindneſſe.
But my Lord, what newes?

Enter a Servant whiſpers Icilius in the eare.

Icilius. Virginius, my Lord, your noble brother
diſguiſ'd in duſt and ſweat, is new arriv'd
within the City: troopes of artiſans
follow his panting horſe, and with a ſtrange
confuſed noyſe, partly with joy to ſee him,
partly with fear for what his haſt portends,
they ſhew as if a ſudden mutiny
oreſpread the City.

Numitor. Cozen take your chamber.
What buſineſſe from the camp?

Icilius. Sure Sir it beares
the forme of ſome great danger, for his horſe
bloody with ſpurring, ſhewes as if he came
from forth a battel: never did you ſee
'mongſt quailes or cocks in fight a bloodier Heele,
then that your brother ſtrikes with. In this forme
of oreſpent horſeman, having as it ſeemes,
with the diſtracting of his newes, forgot
houſe, friends, or change of raiment, he is gone
to th'Senate houſe.

Numitor. Now the gods bring us ſafety,

the

the face of this is cloudy, let us haſte
to'th Senate houſe, and there enquire how neare
the body moves of this our threatned fear. *Exeunt.*

Enter Appius melancholly after Clodius.

Cl: My Lord.

Appius. Thou troubleſt me.

Clodius. My hand's as ready arm'd to work your peace
as my tongue bold to inquire your diſcontents.
Good my Lord hear me.

Appius. I am at much variance
within my ſelfe, there's diſcord in my blood,
my powers are all in combat, I have nothing
left but ſedition in me.

Clodius. Truſt my boſom
to be the cloſet of your private griefs.
Beleeve me, I am uncranied.

Appius. May I truſt thee?

M. Clodius. As the firme centre to indure the burden
of your light foot, as you would truſt the poles
to bear on them this airy cannopy,
and not to fear their ſhrinking. I am ſtrong,
fixt and unſhaking.

Appius. Art thou? Then thine ever: I love.

M. Clodius. Ha ha he.

Appius. Can this my ponderous ſecreſie
be in thine ear ſo light? ſeemes my diſturbance
worthy ſuch ſcorne that thou derideſt my griefs?
Beleeve me, *Clodius*, I am not a twig
that every guſt can ſhake, but 'tis a tempeſt
that muſt be able to uſe violence
on my grown branches. Wherefore laugh'ſt thou then?

M. Clodius. Not that y'are mov'd, it makes me ſmile in ſcorne
that wiſe men cannot underſtand themſelves,
nor know their own prov'd greatneſſe. *Clodius* laughes not
to think you love, but that you are ſo hopeleſſe
not to preſume to injoy whom you affect.
What's ſhe in Rome your greatneſſe cannot awe
or your rich purſe purchaſe? Promiſes and threats
are ſtatemens Lictors to arreſt ſuch pleaſures
as they would bring within their ſtrict commands;
why ſhould my Lord droop, or deject his eye?
can you command Rome, and not countermand
a womans weakneſſe? Let your Grace beſtow

your

your purſe and power on me. I'le proſtrate you.

Appius. Ask both and laviſh them to purchaſe me
the rich fee-ſimple of *Virginia's* heart.

M. Clodius. Virginia's!

Appius. Hers.

M. Clodius. I have already found
an eaſie path which you may ſafely tread,
yet no man trace you.

Appius. Thou art my comforter.

M. Clodius. Her father's buſied in our forreign wars,
and there hath chief imployment; all their pay
muſt your diſcretion ſcantle: keep it back,
reſtraine it in the common Treaſury.
Thus may a ſtates-man 'gainſt a ſouldier ſtand,
to keep his purſe weak, whil'ſt you arme his hand.
Her father thus kept low, gifts and rewards
will tempt the maide the ſooner; nay haply draw
the father in to plead in your behalfe.
But ſhould theſe faile, then ſiege her Virgin Tower
with too prevailing engines, feare and power.

Appius. Go then and prove a ſpeeding advocate;
Arme thee with all our bounty, oratory,
variety of promiſe.

Enter Valerius.

Valerius. *L. Appius*, the *Decemvirate* intreat
your voice in this dayes Senate. Old *Virginius*
craves audience from the camp with earneſt ſuite
for quick diſpatch.

Appius. We will attend the Senate. *Clodius*, Be gone.

Enter Spurius, Opius, Valerius, Numitor, &c.

Opius. We ſent to you to aſſiſt us in this counſell
touching the expeditions of our war.

Appius. Ours is a willing preſence to the trouble
of all State cares. Admit him from the camp.

Enter Virginius.

Opius. Speak the camps will.

Virginius. The camp wants money, we have ſtore of knocks,
and wounds God plenty, but we have no pay,
this three moneths did we never houſe our heads,
but in yon great ſtar-chamber; never bedded
but in the cold field-beds, our victaile failes us,
yet meet with no ſupply; we're fairly promis'd,
but ſouldiers cannot feed on promiſes;
all our provant, apparell's torne to rags,

and

and our Munition fails us: Will you ſend us
to fight for *Rome* like beggars? Noble Gentlemen,
are you the high State of *Decemviri*,
that have thoſe things in manna ge? Pity us,
for we have need on't. Let not your delays
be cold to us, whoſe bloods have oft been heated
to gaine you fame and riches. Prove not to us
(being our friends) worſe foes then we fight with:
Let's not be ſtarv'd in kindneſſe. Sleep you now
upon the bench, when your deaf ears ſhould liſten
unto the wretchleſſe clamours of the poor?
Then would I had my Drums here, they might rattle,
and rowſe you to attendance. Moſt grave Fathers,
ſhew your ſelves worthy ſtewards to our Mother
fair *Rome*, to whom we are no baſtard ſons,
though we be ſouldiers. She hath in her ſtore
food to maintain life in the Camp, as wel
as ſurfet for the City. Do not ſave
the foe a labour; ſend us ſome ſupply,
leſt ere they kill us, we by famine die.

App. Shall I (my Lords) give anſwer to this ſouldier?

Opius. Be you the Cities voyce.

App. Virginius, we would have you thus poſſeſſ'd,
we ſit not here to be preſcib'd and taught,
nor to have any ſuter give us limit,
whoſe power admits no curb. Next know, *Virginius*,
the Camp's our ſervant, and muſt be diſpos'd,
controul'd and us'd by us, that have the ſtrength
to knit it or diſſolve it. When we pleaſe
out of our Princely grace and clemency
to look upon your wants, it may be then
we ſhall redreſs them: But till then, it fits not
that any petty fellow wag'd by us
ſhould have a tongue ſound here before a Bench
of ſuch grave Auditours. Further, —

Virg. Pray give me leave,
Not here? pray *Appius*, is not this the Judgment ſeat?
Where ſhould a poor mans cauſe be heard but here?
To you the Statiſts of long flouriſhing Rome,
to you I call, If you have charity,
if you be humane, and not quite giv'n ore
to Furs and Metall, if you be Romans,
if you have any ſouldiers bloud at all
ſtow in your veins, help with your able arms

to prop a ſinking camp, an infinite
of fair Rome's ſons, cold, weak, hungry, and clothleſs,
would feed upon your ſurfet. Will you ſave them,
or ſhall they periſh?

App. What we will, we will,
be that your anſwer: perhaps at further leaſure
We'l help you, not your merit but our pleaſure.

Virg. I will not curſe thee, *Appius*, but I wiſh
thou wert i'th' camp amongſt the Mutineers
to tell my anſwers, not to trouble me.
Make you us dogs, yet not allow us bones?
Oh what are ſouldiers come too! Shall your camp,
the ſtrength of all your peace, and the iron wall
that rings this Pomp in from invaſive ſteel;
ſhall that decay? Then let the forrain fires
climb o're theſe buildings; let the ſword and ſlaughter
chaſe the gown'd Senate through the ſtreets of Rome,
to double dye their robes in Scarlet; let
the enemies ſtript arm have his crimſon'd brawns
up to the elbowes in your traiterous bloud;
Let *Janus* Temple be devolv'd, your Treaſures
ript up to pay the common adverſaryes
with our due wages. Do you look for leſſe?
the rottenneſs of this miſgovern'd State
muſt grow to ſome Diſeaſe, incurable
ſave with a ſack or ſlaughter.

App. Y'are too bold.

Virg. Know you our extremities?

App. We do.

Virg. And will not help them?

App. Yes.

Virg. When?

App. Hereafter.

Virg. Hereafter? when ſo many gallant ſpirits
that yet may ſtand betwixt you and deſtruction,
are ſunk in death? Hereafter? when diſorder
hath ſwallowed all our Forces?

App. We'l hear no more.

Opius. Peace, fellow peace, know the *Decemviri*,
and their Authority; we ſhall commit you elſe.

Virg. Do ſo, and I ſhall thank you; be relieved
and have a ſtrong houſe o're me, fear no Alarmes
given in the night by any quick perdue.
Your Guilty in the City feeds more dainty

then doth your Generall. 'Tis a better Office
to be an under Keeper then a Captain;
The gods of Rome amend it.

App. Break up the Senate.

Virg. And shall I have no answer?

App. So farewel.

Virg. What Slave would be a soldier to be censured
by such as ne'er saw danger? To have our pay,
our worths and merits ballanc'd in the scale
of base moth-eaten peace. I have had wounds
would have made all this Bench faint and look pale
but to behold them searcht. They lay their heads
on their soft pillowes, pore upon their bags,
grow fat with lazines and restly ease.
And us that stand betwixt them and disaster
they will not spare a *Drachma*. O my souldiers,
before you want, I'l sell my smal possessions
even to my skin to help you, Plate and Jewels
all shall be yours. Men that are men indeed,
the earth shal find, the Sun and air must feed.

Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Virginius.

Numitor. Your daughter, noble brother, hearing late
of your arrvial from the Camp, most humbly
prostrates her filial Duty.

Virg. Daughter rise.
And brother I am only rich in her,
and in your love, link'c with the honour'd friendship
of those fair Romane Lords. For you *Icilius*,
I hear I must adopt you with the title
of a new son; you are *Virginia's* chief,
and I am proud she hath built her fair election
Upon such store of vertues. May you grow,
although a Cities child, to know a souldier
and rate him to his merit.

Icil. Noble father,
(for henceforth I shal onely use that name)
Our meeting was to urge you to the processe
of our fair contract.

Virgin. Witnesse Gentlemen,
here I give up a fathers interest,
but not a fathers love, that I wil ever
wear next my heart, for it was born with her
and growes still with my age.

Numit.

Numitor. Icilius,
receive her: witneſſe noble Gentlemen.

Valer. With all my heart. I would *Icilius* could do as much for me; but Rome affords not ſuch another *Virginia.*

Virgin. I am my fathers daughter, and by him
I muſt be ſwaid in all things.

Num. Brother, this happy Contract asks a Feaſt,
as a thing due to ſuch ſolemnities.
It ſhall be at my houſe, where we this night
will ſport away ſome hours.

Virg. I muſt to horſe.

Numitor. What, ride to night?

Virg. Muſt ſee the Camp to night.
'Tis full of trouble and deſtracted fears,
and may grow mutinous. I am bent to ride.

Val. To night?

Virg. I am ingag'd: ſhort farwels now muſt ſerve,
the univerſal buſineſſe calls me hence,
that toucheth a whole people. *Rome*, I fear,
thou wilt pay uſe for what thou doſt forbear. *Explicit Actus I.*

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter Clown whiſpering Virginia, after her M. Clodius with preſents.

Virginia SIrrah, go tell *Calpharina*, I am walking
to take the air: intreat her company.
Say I attend her coming.

Corbulo Madam, I ſhall: but if you could walk abroad, and get an Heir, it were better, for your father hath a fair revenue, and never a ſon to inherit.

Virginia You are, ſirrah ——

Corbulo Yes I am ſirrah: but not the party that is born to do that; though I have no Lorſhips, yet I have ſo much manners to give my betters place.

Virginia Whom mean you by your betters?

Corbulo I hope I have learnt to know the three degrees of compariſon: for though I be *bonus*, and you *melior* as well as *mulier*; yet my Lord *Icilius* is *optimus.*

Virginia I ſee there's nothing in ſuch private done,
but you muſt inquire after.

Corbulo And can you blame us (Madam) to long for the merry day, as you do for the merry night?

Virginia. Will you be gone sir? (rand.

Corbulo. Oh yes, to my Lady *Calpharnias*. I remember my er-

Vir. My father's wondrous pensive, and withall *Exit Corbulo.*
with a suppresst rage left his house displeas'd,
and so in post is hurried to the camp:
it sads me much; to expell which melancholy,
I have sent for company.

Enter Clodius and Musicians.

Clodius. This opportunity was subtilly waited,
it is the best part of a polititian
when he would compasse ought to fame his industry
wisely to waite the advantage of the houres;
his happie minutes are not alwayes present.
Expresse your greatest art, *Virginia* hears you. *Song.*

Vir. Oh I conceive the occasion of this harmony:
Icilius sent it, I must thank his kindnesse.

Clo. Let not *Virginia* wate her contemplation
so high, to call this visit an intrusion;
for when she understands I tooke my message
from one that did compose it with affection,
I know she will not only extend pardon,
but grace it with her favour.

Vir. You mediate excuse for courtesies,
as if I were so barren of civility,
not to esteeme it worthy of my thanks;
assure your selfe I could be longer patient
to hear my eares so feasted.

Clo. Joyne all your voyces till you make the aire
proud to usurpe your notes, and to please her
with a sweet eccho; serve *Virginias* pleasure. *Song.*
As you have been so full of gentlenesse
to heare with patience what was brought to serve you,
so hearken with your usuall clemency
to the relation of a lovers sufferings:
your figure still does revell in his dreames,
he banquets on your memory, yet findes
not thoughts enough to satisfie his wishes,
as if *Virginia* had compos'd his heart,
and fills it with her beauty.

Vir. I see he's a miser in his wishes,
and thinks he never has enough of that
which onely he possesses: but to give
his wishes satisfaction, let him know
his heart and mine doe dwell so neer together,

that

that hourely they converſe, and guard each other.

Clo. Is faire *Virginia* confident ſhe knowes
her favour dwels with the ſame man I plead for ?

Vir. —Unto *Icilius*.

Clo. Worthy faire one,
I would not wrong your worth ſo to employ
my language for a man ſo much beneath
the merit of your beauty : he I plead for
has power to make your beauty populous,
your frowne ſhall awe the world, and in your ſmile
great Rome ſhall build her happineſſe ;
honour and wealth ſhall not be ſtil'd companions,
but ſervants to your pleaſure.
Then ſhall *Icilius* (but a refin'd Citizen)
boaſt your affection, when Lord *Appius* loves you.

Vir. Bleſſe his great Lordſhip, I was much miſtaken,
let thy Lord know, thou Advocate of luſt,
all the intentions of that youth are honourable,
whil'ſt his are fill'd with ſenſuality.
And for a finall reſolution know,
our hearts in love like twins alike ſhall grow. *Exit.*

Clo. Had I a wife, or daughter that could pleaſe him
I would devote her to him, but I muſt
ſhadow this ſcorne, and ſooth him ſtill in luſt. *Exit.*

Enter ſix Souldiers.

1. What newes yet of *Virginius* return e ?

2. Not any.

1. O the miſery of Souldiers !
They doubly ſtarve us with faire promiſes.
We ſpread the earth like haile, or new reapt corne
in this fierce famine ; and yet patiently
make our obedience the confined Jaile
that ſtarves us :

3. Souldiers, let us draw our ſwords
while we have ſtrength to u ſe them.

1. 'Tis a motion
which nature and neceſſity commands.

Enter Minutius.

Minut. Y'are of *Virginius* Regiment. *Omnes.* We are.

Minut. Why doe you ſwarme in troopes thus ? to your quarter.
Is our command growne idle ? to your trench.
Come I'le divide you, this your conference
is not without ſuſpect of mutiny.

1. Souldiers, ſhall I relate the grievances

of

of the whole Regiment.

Omnes. Boldly.

1. Then thus my Lord.

Minut. Come, I will not hear thee,

1. Sir you ſhall:

Sound all the Drums and Trumpets in the camp,
to drowne my utterance, yet above them all
I'le rear our juſt complaint. Stir not my Lord,
I vow you are not ſafe if you but move
a ſinew till you heare us.

Minut. Well ſir, command us: you are the Generall.

1. No my Lord, not I,
I am almoſt ſtarved; I wake in the wet trench,
loaded with more cold iron then a Jaile
would give a murderer, while the Generall
ſleeps in a field bed, and to mock our hunger
feeds us with ſcent of the moſt curious fare
that makes his tables crack, our pay detained
by thoſe that are our Leaders: and at once
we in this ſad, and unprepared plight,
with the Enemy, and Famine daily fight.

Minut. Doe you threaten us?

Omnes. Sir you ſhall hear him out.

1. You ſend us whips, and iron manackles,
and ſhackles plenty, but the devill a coine.
Would you would teach us that caniball trick, my Lord,
which ſome rich men 'ith' City oft doe uſe:
ſhall's one devoure another?

Minut. Will you hear me?

1. O Rome th'art growne a moſt unnaturall mother,
to thoſe have held thee by the golden locks
from ſinking into ruine; *Romulus*
was fed by a ſhe wolfe, but now our wolves
inſtead of feeding us devoure our fleſh,
carouſe our blood, yet are not drunk with it,
for three parts of 't is water.

Minut. Your Captaine,
noble *Virginius* is ſent Rome,
for eaſe of all your grievances. 1. 'Tis falſe.

Omnes. I, 'Tis falſe.

1. Hee's ſtolne away from's, never to returne,
and now his age will ſuffer him no more
deale on the Enemy, belike hee'l turne
an uſurer, and in the City aire

cut

cut poore mens throats at home ſitting in's chaire.

Minut. You wrong one of the honorableſt Commanders.

Omnes. Honorable Commander?

1. Commander? I my Lord, there goes the thriſt
in victories, the Generall and Commanders
ſhare all the honour as they ſhare the ſpoile;
but in our overthrowes, where lies the blame?
the common ſouldiers fault, ours is the ſhame.
What is the reaſon that being ſo far diſtant
from the affrighted enemy? wee lie
'ith' open field, ſubject to the ſick humors
of heaven and earth: unleſſe you cood beſtow
two ſummers of us? ſhall I tell you truth,
You account the expence of Ingines, and of ſwords,
of horſes and of armor dearer far,
then ſouldiers lives.

Omnes. Now by the gods you doe.

1. Obſerve you not the ravens and the crowes
have left the City ſurfet, and with us
they make full banquets. Come you birds of death,
and fill your greedy croppes with humane fleſh;
then to the City flie, diſgorge it there
before the Senate, and from thence ariſe
a plague to choake all Rome. *Omnes.* And all the Suburbs.

Minut. Upon a ſouldiers word, bold Gentlemen,
I expect every houre *Virginius*
to bring freſh comfort.

Omnes. Whom? *Virginius?*

1. Now by the gods, if ever he returne,
wee'le drag him to the ſlaughter by his locks,
turned white with riot and incontinence,
and leave a preſident to all the world,
how Captaines uſe their ſouldiers. *Enter Virginius.*

Minut. See, hee's returned.
Virginius, you are not ſafe, retire,
your troopes are mutinous, we are begirt
with Enemies more daring, and more fierce,
then is the common foe.

Virg. My Troopes, my Lord?

Minut. Your life is threatned by theſe deſperate men,
betake you to your horſe.

Virg. My noble Lord,
I never yet profeſt to teach the art
of flying. Ha, our troopes grown mutinous?

he dares not look on me with half a face
that ſpread this wildfire. Where is our Lieutenant?
Val. My Lord. *Virg.* Sirrah, order our companies.
Minut. What do you mean, my Lord?
Virg. Take air a little, they have heated me.
Sirrah, i'ſt you will mutiny?
3. Not I Sir.
Virg. Is your gall burſt, you Traitor?
4. The gods defend Sir.
Virg. Or is your ſtomack ſea ſick, doth it riſe?
I'l make a paſſage for it.
5. Noble Captain, I'l dye beneath your foot.
Virg. You rough porcupine, ha,
do you briſtle, do you ſhoot your quils you rogue?
1. They have no points to hurt you, noble Captain.
Virg. Waſt you (my nimble ſhaver) that would whet
your ſword 'gainſt your Commanders throat, you ſirrah?
6. My Lord I never dream't on't.
Virg. Slaves and cowards,
what are you cholerick now? by the gods
the way to purge it were to let you blood.
I am i'th' center of you, and I'l make
the proudeſt of you teach the Aſpen leaf
to tremble, when I breath.
Minut. A ſtrange Converſion.
Virg. Advance your pikes. The word,
Omnes. Advance your pikes.
Virg. See noble Lord, theſe are no Mutineers,
theſe are obedient ſouldiers, civil men:
You ſhal command theſe, if your Lordſhip pleaſe,
to fil a ditch up with their ſlaughtered bodies,
that with more eaſe you may aſſault ſome Town.
So now lay down your Arms. Villains and Traitors,
I here caſhier you. Hence from me my poiſon,
not worthy of our Diſcipline: Go beg,
go beg, you mutinous rogues, brag of the ſervice
you ne'er durſt look on; it were charity
to hang you, for my mind gives, y'are reſerv'd
to rob poor market women.
Minut. O *Viginius.*
Virg. I do beſeech you to confirm my ſentence,
as you reſpect me. I will ſtand my ſelf
for the whole Regiment, and ſafer far
in mine owne ſingle valour, then begirt

with cowards and with traitors.

Minut. O my Lord, you are too ſevere.

Virg. Now by the gods, my Lord,
you know no diſcipline, to pitie them.
Pretious divells? no ſooner my back turn'd,
but preſently to mutinie? *Omnes:* dear Captaine.

Virg. Refuſe me if ſuch traiterous rogues
would not confound an Army. When doe you march?
when doe you march, gentlemen?

1. My Lord, wee'l ſtarve firſt,
wee'le hang firſt, by the gods, doe any thing
ere wee'le forſake you.

Minut. Good *Virginius*,
limit your paſſion.

Virg. Sir, you may take my place,
not my juſt anger from me: theſe are they
have bred a dearth i'th' campe: I'le wiſh our foes
no greater plague then to have their company:
ſhow but among them all ſo many ſcars
as ſtick upon this fleſh, I'le pardon them.

Minut. How now, my Lord, breathleſſe?

Virg. By your favour. I ha ſaid.
Miſchiefs confound me if I could not wiſh
my youth renewed againe, with all her follies,
onely to 'ave breath enough to raile againſt
theſe——'Tis too ſhort.

Minut. See Gentlemen, what ſtrange diſtraction
your falling off from duty hath begot
in this moſt noble ſouldier: You may live
the meaneſt of you to command a Troope,
and then in others youle correct thoſe faults,
which in your ſelves you cheriſht, every Captain
beares in his private government that forme,
which Kings ſhould ore their Subjects, and to them
ſhould be the like obedient. We confeſſe
you have been diſtreſt: but can you juſtly challenge
any commander that hath ſurfeted,
while that your food was limited? You cannot.

Virg. My Lord, I have ſhared with them an equall for-
hunger, and cold, marcht thorough watery fens, tune,
borne as great burdens as the pioneer,
when ſcarce the ground would bear me.

Minut. Good my Lord, give us leave to proceed;
the puniſhment your Captaine hath inflicted

is not sufficient; for it cannot bring
any example to succeeding times
of penance worth your faulting: happily
it may in you beget a certaine shame;
But it will in others a strong hope
of the like lenity. Yet gentlemen,
you have in one thing given me such a taste
of your obedience, when the fire was raised
of fierce sedition, and the cheeke was swolne
to sound the fatall Trumpet, then the sight
of this your worthy Captaine did disperse
all those unfruitfull humours, and even then
convert you from feirce Tigers to stayed men:
we therefore pardon you, and doe restore
your Captaine to you, you unto your Captaine.

Omnes. The gods requite you, noble Generall.

Minut. My Lord, my Lord.

Omnes. Your pardon noble Captaine.

Virg. Well, you are the Generall, and the fault is quit,
a souldiers teares, an elder brothers wit
have little salt in them, nor doe they season
things worth observing, for their want of reason.
Take up your armes and use them, doe I pray,
ere long youle take your legs to run away.

Minut. And what supply from *Rome?*

Virg. Good store of corne.

Minut. What entertainment there?

Virg. Most honourable,
especially by the Lord *Appius.*
There is great hope that *Appius* will grow
the souldiers patron: with what vehemency
he urg'd our wants, and with what expedition
he hasted the supplies, it is almost
incredible. There's promis'd to the souldier
besides their corne a bounteous donative; (*A shout.*
but 'tis not certaine yet when't shall be paid.

Minut. How for your owne particular?

Virg. My Lord,
I was not enter'd fully two pikes length
into the Senate, but they all stood bare,
and each man offer'd me his seat: The businesse
for which I went dispatcht, what guifts, what favours
were done me, your good Lordship shall not hear,
for you would wonder at them, onely this,

'swould

'twould make a man fight up to'th' neck in blood,
to think how nobly he ſhall be received
when he returnes to'th' City.

Minut. 'Tis well,
give order the proviſion be divided
and ſent to every quarter.

Virg. Sir, it ſhall.
Thus men muſt flight their wrongs, or elſe conceal them,
when generall ſafety wills us not reveale them. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Petitioners at one doore, at the other
M. Clodius.

1. *Petit.* Pray is your Lord at leaſure?

M. Clodius. What is your ſuite?

1. *Pet.* To accept this poore Petition which makes knowne,
my many wrongs in which I crave his Juſtice,
and upright ſentence to ſupport my cauſe,
which elſe is trod downe by oppreſſion.

M. Clodius. My Lords hand is the prop of Innocence,
and if your cauſe be worthy his ſupportance
it cannot fall.

1. *Petitioner.* The gods of *Rome* protect him.

Clodius. What, is your paper too petitionary?

2. *Petit.* It leanes upon the Juſtice of the Judge,
your noble Lord, the very ſtay of *Rome*.

Clodius. And ſurer baſis, for a poore mans cauſe,
ſhe cannot yeeld. Your papers I'le deliver,
and when my Lord aſcends the Judgement ſeate,
you ſhall find gracious comfort.

Enter Icilius troubled.

Icilius. Where's your Lord?

Clodius. Icilius? faire *Virginia's* late betroth'd?

Icilius. Your eares, I hope, you have not forfeited,
that you returne no anſwer. Where's your Lord?

Clodius. At's ſtudie.

Icilius. I deſire admittance to him.

Clodius. Pleaſe you attend, I'le know his Lordſhips pleaſure.
Icilius? I pray heaven ſhe have not blab'd.

Icilius. Attend? a petty Lawyer t'other day,
glad of a fee, but cal'd to eminent place,
even to his betters, now the word's, Attend.
This gowned office, what a breadth it bears?
how many tempeſts waite upon his frowne?

Enter Clodius.

Clodius. All the petitioners withdraw. L. *Appius*

muſt have this place more private, as a favour
reſerv'd for you, *Icilius*. Here's my Lord.

Enter Appius with Lictors afore him.

Appius. Be gone, this place is only ſpar'd for us,
and you *Icilius*. Now your buſineſs.

Icil. May I ſpeak it freely?

App. We have ſuffering ears,
A heart the ſofteſt downe may penetrate.
Proceed.

Icil. My Lord.

App. We are private, Pray your courteſie.

Icil. My duty.

App. Leave that to th' publick eye
of *Rome*, and of *Romes* people. *Clodius* there.

Clod. My Lord.

App. Place me a ſecond Chaire; that done,
remove your ſelf. So now, your abſence *Clodius*.
Icilius ſit, this grace we make not common
unto the nobleſt Romane, but to you
our love affords it freely. Now your ſuit?

Icil. It is, you would be kind unto the Camp.

App. Wherein, *Icilius*; doth the Camp touch thee?

Icil. Thus: Old *Virginius*, now my father in Law,
kept from the publick pay, conſumes himſelf,
ſels his Revenues, turnes his plate to coyn,
to wage his ſouldiers, and ſupply the Camp,
waſting that uſeful ſubſtance which indeed
ſhould riſe to me, as my *Virginia*'s Dowry.

App. We meet that oppoſition thus *Icilius*.
The Camps ſupplies doth not conſiſt in us,
but thoſe that keep the common Treaſury;
ſpeak or intreat we may, but not command.
But Sir, I wonder, you ſo brave a Youth,
ſon to a thrifty Romane, ſhould ally you,
and knit your ſtrong armes to ſuch falling branches;
which rather in their ruine will bear down
your ſtrength, then you ſupport their rottenneſs.
Be ſwayed by me, fly from that ruinous houſe
whoſe fall may eruſh you; and contract with mine,
whoſe baſes are of Marble, deeply fixt
to manger all guſts and impending ſtormes.
Caſt off that beggars daughter, poor *Virginia*,
whoſe dowry and beauty, I'l ſee trebled both,

in

in one ally'd to me. Smile you *Icilius*?

Icil. My Lord, my Lord, think you, I can imagine
your cloſe and ſparing hand can be profuſe
to give that man a Palace, whom you late
deny'd a cottage? Will you from your own coffers
grant me a treble Dowry, yet interpoſe me
a poor third from the common Treaſury?
You muſt move me by poſſibilities,
for I have brains; give firſt your hand and Seal,
that old *Virginius* ſhall receive his pay
both for himſelf and ſouldiers, and that done,
I ſhall perhaps be ſoon induc'd to think,
that you who with ſuch willingneſs did that——

App. Is my Love miſpriz'd?

Icil. Not to *Virginia*.

App. *Virginia*?

Icil. Yes *Virginia*, Luſtful Lord.
I did but trace your cunning all this while.
You would beſtow me on ſome Appian Trull,
and for that droſs to cheat me of my Gold;
for this the Camp pines, and the City ſmarts.
All *Rome* fares worſe for thy incontinence.

App. Mine boy?

Icil. Thine Judg. This hand hath intercepted
thy Letters, and peruſ'd thy tempting gueſts,
theſe ears have heard thy amorous paſſions, wretch,
theſe eyes beheld thy treacherous name ſubſcrib'd.
A Judg, a Divel.

App. Come I'll hear no more.

Icil. Sit ſtill, or by the powerful Gods of *Rome*
I'l nail thee to the Chair. But ſuffer me,
I'l offend nothing but thine ears.

App. Our Secretary.

Icil. Tempt not a Lovers fury, if thou doſt
now by my vow, inſculpt in heaven, I'l ſend thee.——

App. You ſee I am patient.

Icil. But withal revengeleſs.

App. So, ſay on.

Icil. Hope not of any grace, or the leaſt favour,
I am ſo covetous of *Virginia*'s love,
I cannot ſpare thee the leaſt look, glance, touch,
Divide one bare imaginary thought
into a thouſand, thouſand parts, and that
I'l not afford thee.

App.

App. Thou ſhalt not.
Icil. Nay, I will not.
Hadſt thou a Judges place above thoſe Judges
that judg all ſouls, having power to ſentence me,
I would not bribe thee, no not with one hair
from her fair temples.
App. Thou ſhouldſt not.
Icil. Nay, I would not.
Think not her Beauty ſhall have leave to crown
thy luſtfull hopes with the leaſt ſpark of bliſſe,
or have thine ears charm'd with the raviſhing ſound
even of her harſheſt phraſe.
App. I will not.
Icil. Nay, thou ſhalt not.
Shee's mine, my ſoul is crownd in her deſire,
to her I'ld travell through a land of fire.
App. Now have you done?
Icil. I have ſpoke my thoughts.
App. Then will thy fury give me leave to ſpeak?
Icil. I pray ſay on.
App. *Icilius*, I muſt chide you, and withall
tell you, your raſhneſſe hath made forfeiture
even of your precious life, which wee eſteeme
too deer to call in queſtion. If I wiſht you
of my allyance, graft into my blood,
condemn you me for that? Oh ſee the raſhneſſe
and blind miſpriſion of diſtempred youth!
As for the Maid *Virginia*, wee are far
even in leaſt thought from her; and for thoſe Letters,
Tokens and Preſents, wee acknowledg none.
Alas, though great in place, wee are not gods.
If any falſe impoſtor hath uſurpt
our hand or greatneſſe in his own behoof,
can wee help that? *Icilius*, there's our hand,
your raſhneſſe we remit; let's have hereafter
your love and beſt opinion. For your ſuit,
repair to us at both our better leiſures,
wee'l breathe in it new life.
Icil. I crave your pardon.
App. Granted ere crav'd, my good *Icilius*.
Icil. —— Morrow.
App. It is no more indeed. Morrow *Icilius*.
If any of our ſervants wait without,
command them in. *Icil.* I ſhall.

App.

App. Our Secretary,
we have uſe for him. *Icilius*, ſend him hither.
Again good morrow. *Exit Icilius.*
Go to thy death, thy life is doom'd and caſt.
Appius be circumſpect, and be not raſh
in blood as th'art in luſt: Be murderous ſtil,
but when thou ſtrik'ſt, with unſeen weapons kill.

Enter Clodius.

Clod. My Honourable Lord.
Appius. Deride me, dog?
Clod. Who hath ſtirr'd up this tempeſt in your brow?
App. Not you? Fie, you?
Clod. All you Panthean Gods,
confound me, if my ſoul be acceſſary
to your diſtractions.
Appius. To ſend a ruffian hither,
even to my cloſet, firſt, to brave my Greatneſs,
play with my beard, revile me, taunt me, hiſſe me;
nay after all theſe deep diſparagements,
threat me with ſteel, and menace me unarm'd,
to nail me to my ſeat, if I but mov'd:
all theſe are ſlight, ſlight toyes.
Clod. Icilius do this?
App. Ruffian *Icilius*, he that in the front
of a ſmooth Citizen, beats the rugged ſoul
of a moſt baſe Bandetto.
Clod. He ſhall die for't.
App. Be not too raſh.
Clo. Were there no more men to ſupport great *Rome*,
even falling *Rome* ſhould periſh, ere he ſtand:
I'l after him, and kill him.
App. Stay, I charge thee.
Lend me a patient ear; To right our wrongs,
we muſt not menace with a publick hand;
we ſtand in the worlds eye, and ſhall be taxt
of the leaſt violence, where we revenge:
We ſhould ſmile ſmootheſt where our hate's moſt deep,
and when our ſpleen's broad waking, ſeem to ſleep.
Let the young man play ſtill upon the bit,
till we have brought and train'd him to our lure;
Great men ſhould ſtrike but once, and then ſtrike ſure.
Clod. Love you *Virginia* ſtill?
App. Do I ſtill live?

Clod.

Clod. Then ſhe's your own. *Virginius* is, you ſay, ſtill in the Camp.

App. True.

Clod. Now in his abſence will I claim *Virginia* to be the daughter of a bond woman, and ſlave to me; to prove which, I'l produce firme proofs, notes probable, ſound Witneſſes; then having with your Lictors ſummond her, I'l bring the cauſe before your Judgement Seat, where, upon my infallid evidence, you may pronounce the ſentence on my ſide, and ſhe become your Strumpet not your Bride.

App. Thou haſt a copius brain, but how in this ſhall we diſpoſe *Icilius*?

Clod. If he ſpurne clap him up cloſe, there's wayes to charm his ſpleen. By this no ſcandal can redound to you; the Cauſe is mine; you but the Sentencer upon that evidence which I ſhall bring. The buſineſs is, to 'ave Warrants by Arreſt, to anſwer ſuch things at the Judgment Bar as can be laid againſt her; Ere her friends can be aſſembled, ere her ſelf can ſtudy her anſwer or ſcarce know her cauſe of ſummons to deſcant on the matter, *Appius* may examine, try, and doom *Virginia*. But all this muſt be ſudden.

App. Thou art born to mount me high above *Icilius* ſcorn. I'l leave it to thy manage. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus ſecundus.

Actus Tertius Scena Prima.

Enter Nurſe and the Clown.

Corbulo. WHat was that you ſaid, Nurſe?

Nurſe. Why, I did ſay thou muſt beſtir thy ſelfe.

Corbulo. I warrant you I can beſtir my ſtumps as ſoon as another, if fit occaſion be offered; but why do you come upon me in ſuch haſte? is it becauſe (Nurſe) I ſhould come over you at leiſure?

Nurſe

Nurſe. Come over me, thou knave? what doſt thou mean by that?

Corbulo. Only this, if you will come off, I will come on.

Nurſe. My Lord hath ſtrangers to night: you muſt make ready the Parlour, a table and lights; nay when, I ſay?

Corbulo. Me thinks you ſhould rather wiſh for a bed then for a board, for darkneſs then for lights; yet I muſt confeſs you have been a light woman in your time: but now.

Nurſe. But now? what now, you knave?

Corbulo. But now I'l go fetch the table and ſome lights preſently.

Enter Numitorius, Horatio, Valerius, Icilius.

Numit. Some lights to uſher in theſe Gentlemen,
Clear all the roomes without there. Sit, pray ſit.
None interrupt our conference. *Enter Virginia.*
Ha, whoſe that?

Nurſe My moſt—— child, if it pleaſe you.

Numitor. Fair *Virginia*, you are welcome.
The reſt forbear us till we call. Sweet cozen,
our buſineſs, and the cauſe of our diſcourſe
admits you to this Councel. Take your place.
Icilius we are private, now proceed.

Icil. Then thus; Lord *Appius* doth intend me wrong,
and under his ſmooth calmneſſe cloaks a tempeſt,
that will ere long break out in violence
on me and on my fortunes.

Numit. My good cozen,
you are young, and youth breeds raſhneſs. Can I think
Lord *Appius* will do wrong, who is all Juſtice,
the moſt auſtere and upright Cenſurer
that ever ſate upon the awful Bench?

Valer. Icilius, you are neer to me in blood,
and I eſteem your ſafety as mine owne.
If you will needs wage eminence and ſtate,
chuſe out a weaker oppoſite, not one
that in his arm bears all the ſtrength of *Rome.*

Numit. Beſides *Icilius*,
know you the danger what it is to ſcandal
one of his place and ſway?

Icil. I know it kinſmen, yet this popular Greatneſs
can be no bug-bear to affright mine innocence.
No his ſmooth creſt hath caſt a palſed film
over *Romes* eyes. He juggles, a plain Juggler.
Lord *Appius* is no leſſe.

Numit. Nay, then Cozen,
you are too harsh, and I must hear no more,
it ill becomes my place and gravity,
to lend a face to such reproachful terms
'gainst one of his high presence.

Icil. Sir, pray sit,
to see me draw his picture 'fore your eyes,
to make this man seem monstrous, and this god
Rome so adores, a divel, a plain divel.
This Lord, this Judg this *Appius*, that professeth
to all the world a vestal chastity,
is an incontinent, loose Leacher, growne.

Numit. Fy cozen.

Icil. Nay 'tis true. Daily and hourely
he tempts this blushing Virgin with large promises,
with melting words and Presents of high rate,
to be the stale to his unchaste desires.

Omnes. Is't possible?

Icil. Possible?
'Tis actual Truth, I pray but ask your Neece.

Virg. Most true, I am extremely tyr'd and wearied
with messages and tokens of his love;
no answer, no repulse will satisfie
the tediousnes of his importunate suit.
And whilst I could with modesty and honour,
without the danger of reproach and shame,
I kept it secret from *Icilius*;
but when I saw their boldnes found no limit,
and they from fair intreaty grew to threats,
I told him all.

Icil. True: understanding which
to him I went.

Valer. To *Appius*?

Icil. To that Gyant,
the high Colossus that bestrides us all;
I went to him.

Horatio. How did you bear your self?

Icil. Like *Appius*, at the first, dissemblingly,
but when I saw the coast clear, all withdrawn,
and none but we two in the Lobby, then
I drew my Poinyard, took him by the throat,
and when he would have clamer'd, threatned death,
unlesse he would with patience hear me out.

Numit. Did he, *Icilius*?

Icil. I made him that he durſt not ſqueake,
not move an eye, not draw a breath too loud,
nor ſtir a fingar.

Horatio. What ſucceeded then?

Numit. Keep faſt the door there: Sweet Couz not too loud.
What then ſucceeded?

Icilius. Why, I told him all,
gave him his due, call'd him laſcivious Judge,
(a thouſand things which I have now forgot)
ſhewd him his hand a witneſſe 'gainſt himſelf,
and every thing with ſuch known circumſtance,
that he might well excuſe, but not deny.

Numit. How parted you?

Icilius Why Friends, in outward ſhew.
But I perceiv'd his heart: that Hypocrite
was born to gull *Rome*, and deceive us all.
He ſwore to me quite to abjure her love;
yet ere my ſelf could reach *Virginia*'s chamber,
one was before me with regrects from him,
I know his hand. Th' intent of this our meeting
was to intreat your counſell and advice:
The good old man her Father is from home,
I think it good that ſhe now in his abſence
ſhould lodg in ſecret with ſome private friend,
where *Appius* nor his Lictors, thoſe blood-hounds
can hunt her out. You are her unkle Sir,
I pray counſell the beſt.

Numit. To oppoſe our ſelves
now in this heat againſt ſo great a man,
might in my judgment to our ſelves bring danger,
and to my Neece no ſafety. If we fall
ſhe cannot ſtand; lets then preſerve our ſelves
until her father be diſcharg'd the Camp.

Valer. And good *Icilius*, for your private ends,
and the dear ſafety of your friends and kindred,
againſt that Statiſt, ſpare to uſe your ſpleen.

Iicil. I will be ſway'd by you. My Lords, 'tis late,
and time to break up conference. Noble Uncle
I am your growing Debtor.

Numit. Lights without there.

Icil. I will conduct *Virginia* to her lodging.
Good night to all at once.

Numit. The Gods of *Rome* protect you all, and then
we need not fear the envious rage of men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clodius, with foure Lictors.

Clodius. *Lictors* beſtow your ſelves in ſome cloſe ſhops,
about the *forum*, till you have the ſight
of faire *Virginia*, for I underſtand
this preſent morning ſhee'l come forth to buy
ſome neceſſaries at the Sempſters ſhops:
how ere accompanied be it your care
to ſeaſe her at our action. Good my friends,
diſperſe your ſelves, and keep a carefull watch.

1. 'Tis ſtrange that Ladies will not pay their debts.

2. 'It were ſtrange indeed, if that our Romane Knights would give them good example and pay theirs.

1. The Calender that we *Lictors* goe by, is all dog dayes.

2. Right, our common hunt is ſtill to dog unthrifts.

1. And whats your book of common-prayer?

2. Faith onely for the increaſe of riotous young Gentlemen i'th' countrey, and banquerouts i'th' City.

1. I know no man more valiant then we are, for wee back Knights and Gentlemen daily.

2. Right, we have them by the back hourely: your French flye applied to the nape of the neck for the French Rheume, is not ſo ſore a drawer as a *Lictor*.

1. Some ſay that if a little timbred fellow would juſtle a great logerhead, let him be ſure to lay him i'th' kennell; but when we ſhoulder a Knight, or a Knights fellow, we make him more ſure, for we kennell him i'th' counter.

2. Come, lets about our buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Virginia, Nurſe, and Clowne.

Virg. You are growne wondrous amorous of late,
why doe you looke back ſo often?

Clown. Madam, I goe as a Frenchman rides, all upon one buttock.

Virg. And what's the reaſon?

Clown. Your Ladiſhip never ſaw a Monky in all your life time have a clog at's taile, but bee's ſtill looking back to ſee what the devil 'tis that followes him.

Nurſe. Very good, we are your clogs then.

Virg. Your creſt is growne regardant; here's the beauty
that makes your eyes forgetfull of their way.

Clow. Beauty? O the gods! Madam I cannot indure her com-
Nurſe. Why ſir, what's my complexion? (plexion.

Clow. Thy complexion is juſt between a moore & a french woman.

Virg. But ſhe hath a matchleſſe eye ſir,

Clow. True, her eyes are not right matches, beſides ſhe is a widow.

Nurſe. What then, I pray you?

Clown.

Clown. Of all waters I would not have my beefe powder'd with a widowes teares.

Virg. Why, I beſeech you?

Clow. O they are too freſh Madam, aſſure your ſelfe they will not laſt for the death of fourteen husbands above a day and a quarter; beſides, if a man come a wooing to a widow, and invite her to a banquet contrary to the old rule, ſhe will ſooner fill her eye then her belly. Beſides that, if he looke into her eſtate, firſt, look you, Here are foure fingers, firſt the charge of her husbands funerall, next debts, and legacies, and laſtly the reverſion; now take away debts and legacies, and what remaines for her ſecond husband?

Nurſe. I would ſome of the Tribe heard you.

Clown. There's a certaine fiſh, that as the learned divulge, is call'd a ſhatke. Now this fiſh can never feede while he ſwims upon's belly, marry when he lies upon his back, oh he takes it at pleaſure.

Virg. Well ſir, about your buſineſſe, make proviſion of thoſe things I directed.

Clown. Sweet Lady, theſe eyes ſhall be the clarks of the kitchin for your belly; but I can aſſure you Woodcocks will be hard to be ſpoke with, for there's a great feaſt towards.

Virg. You are very pleaſant.

Clown. And freſh cod is taken down thick and threefold, women without great bellies goe together by the ears for't, and ſuch a number of ſweet tooth'd cavers in the market, not a calves head to be got for love or money; Muttons mutton now.

Virg. Why, was it not ſo ever?

Clown. No Madam, the ſinners i'th' Suburbs had almoſt tane the name quite away from't, 'twas ſo cheap and common: but now 'tis at a ſweet reckoning, the Terme time is the muttonmonger in the whole calender.

Nurſe. Doe your Lawyers eat any ſallets with their mutton.

Clow. Yes, the younger revellers uſe capers to their mutton, ſo long till with their ſhuffling and cutting ſome of them be out at heeles againe. A bountifull minde and a full purſe ever attend your Ladiſhip.

Virg. O I thank you. *Enter Clodius, and foure Lictors.*

Clo. See, yon's the Lady.

Clown. I will buy up for your Ladiſhip all the young cuckoes in the market. *Virg.* What to doe?

Clown. O 'tis the moſt delicateſt diſh I'e aſſure you, and neweſt in faſhion: not a great feaſt in all *Rome* without a cuckoe.

Clodi. Virginia. Virg. Sir.

Clodi. Mi'tris you doe not know me, yet we muſt be acquainted: follow me.

Virg.

Virg. You doe ſalute me ſtrangely. Follow you.

Clow. Doe you hear ſir, me thinks you have followers enough. Many Gentlemen that I know, would not have ſo many tall followers as you have for the price of ten hunting geldings, I'le aſſure you.

Clodius. Come, will you goe?

Virg. Whither? by what command?

Clodius. By warrant of theſe men, and priviledge
I hold even on thy life. Come ye proud dame,
you are not what you ſeeme.

Virg. Uncivill ſir,
what makes you thus familiar and thus bold?
Unhand me villaine.

Clodius. What Miſtris, to your Lord?
he that can ſet the raſor to your throate,
and puniſh you as freely as the gods,
no man to aske the cauſe? Thou art my ſlave,
and here I ſeaſe what's mine.

Virg. Ignoble villaine,
I am as free as the beſt King or Conſull
ſince *Romulus*. What doſt thou meane? Unhand me.
Give notice to my uncle and *Icilius*,
what violence is offer'd me. *Clodi.* Doe, doe.

Clow. Doe you preſſe women for ſouldiers, or do you beg women, inſtead of other commodities, to keep your hands in ure? By this light if thou haſt any eares on thy head, as it is a queſtion, I'le make my Lord pull you out by th' eares, though you take a Caſtle. *Exit.*

Clodius. Come, will you goe along?

Nurſe. Whither ſhould ſhe goe ſir? here's pulling and haling a poore Gentlewoman.

Clodius. Hold you your prating reverence, the whip
ſhall ceaſe on you for your ſmooth cozenage.

Virg. Are not you ſervant to Lord *Appius*.

Clodius. How ere I am your Lord, and will approve it
'fore all the Senate.

Virg. Thou wilt prove thy ſelfe
the curſed pander for anothers luſt,
and this your plot ſhall burſt about your Ears
like thunderbolts.

Clodi. Hold you that confidence,
firſt I will ſeaſe you by the courſe of law,
And then I'le talke with you.

Enter Icilius, and Numitorius.

Numit. How now, faire cozen?

Icilius. How now, Gentlemen?

what's

What's the offence of faire *Virginia*,
you bend your weapons on us?
Lictor. Sir ſtand back, we fear a reſcue.
Icilius. There's no need of feare,
where there's no cauſe of reſcue: what's the matter?
Virg. O my *Icilius*! Your incredulity
hath quite undone me, I am now no more
Virginius daughter, ſo this villaine urges;
But publiſh't for his bondwoman.
Numit. How's this?
Clodius. 'Tis true my Lord,
and I will take my right by courſe of Law.
Icilius. Villaines ſet her free,
or by the power of all our Romane gods,
I le give that juſt revenge unto my rage
which ſhould be given to Juſtice. Bondwoman?
Clodi. Sir, we doe not come to fight, wee'le deale *Enter Appius.*
By courſe of Law. My Lord we fear a reſcue.
Appius. A reſcue? never fear't, here's none in preſence
but civill men. My Lord, I am glad to ſee you.
Noble *Icilius*, we ſhall ever love you.
Now Gentlemen reach your Petitions.
Icilius. My Lord, my Lord.
App. Worthy *Icilius*, if you have any buſineſſe defer't
untill to morrow, or the afternoone,
I ſhall be proud to pleaſure you.
Icilius. The Fox is earth't, my Lord you cannot winde him yet.
Appius. Stooles for my noble friends.——I pray you ſit.
Clodius. May it pleaſe your Lordſhip.
App. Why uncivill ſir?
have I not beg'd forbearance of my beſt
and deareſt friends, and muſt you trouble me?
Clodius. My Lord, I muſt be heard, and will be heard,
were all the gods in Parliament, I'de burſt
their ſilence with my importunity,
but they ſhould heare me.
Appius. The fellow's mad;
we have no leaſure now to heare you ſir.
Clodius. Haſt now no leaſure to heare juſt complaints?
Reſigne thy place O *Appius*, that ſome other
may doe me Juſtice then.
Appius. Wee'l hear't to morrow.
Clodius. O my Lord,
Deny me Juſtice abſolutely, rather

then

them feed me with delayes.

Icilius. Good my Lord hear him,
and wonder when you heare him, that a caſe
ſo full of vile Impoſture, ſhould deſire
to be unfoulded.

Clodius. I my Lord, 'tis true,
the Impoſture is on their parts.

Appius. Hold your prating,
away with him to priſon, clamorous fellow.
Suſpect you our uprightneſſe?

Clodius. No my Lord:
but I have mighty Enemies, my Lord,
will overflow my cauſe. See, here I hold
my bondwoman that brags her ſelfe to be
deſcended of a noble family.
My purſe is too ſcant to wage Law with them,
I am inforc't be mine own advocate,
not one will pleade for me. Now if your Lordſhip
will doe me juſtice ſo, if not then know
high hills are ſafe, when ſeas poore dales or'eflow.

Appius. Sirra, I think it fit to let you know,
e're you proceed in this your ſubtle ſuite,
what penalty and danger you acrue,
if you be found to double. Here's a virgin
famous by birth, by education noble,
and ſhe forſooth, haply but to draw
ſome piece of money from her worthy father,
muſt needs be challeng'd for a bondwoman.
Sirra take heed, and well bethink your ſelfe,
I'le make you a preſident to all the world,
if I but finde you tripping.

Clodius. Doe it freely.
and view on that condition theſe juſt prooſes.

App. Is that the Virgins nurſe.

Nurſe. Her milch Nurſe my Lord, I had a ſore hand with her for a year and a quarter, I have had ſomewhat to doe with her ſince too, for the poore Gentlewoman hath been ſo troubled with the green ſickneſſe.

Icilius. I pray thee Nurſe intreat *Sertorius* to come and ſpeak with me.

App. Here is ſtrange circumſtance, view it my Lord,
if he ſhould prove this, it would make *Virginius*
think he were wronged.

Icilius. There is a deviliſh cunning

expreſt

expreſt in this black forgerie.

App. *Icilius* and *Virginia*, pray come near,
compound with this baſe fellow. You were better
disburſe ſome trifle then to undergo
the queſtion of her freedome.

Icilius. O my Lord!
ſhe were not worth a handfull of a bribe,
if ſhe did need a bribe.

Appius. Nay, take your courſe,
I onely give you my opinion,
I aske no fee for't. Do you know this fellow?

Virginia. Yes my Lord, he's your ſervant.

Appius. Y'are i'th' right:
But will you truly know his character?
he was at firſt a pettie Notary,
a fellow that being truſted with large ſummes
of honeſt Citizens, to be imploy'd
i'th' trade of uſury; this Gentleman,
couching his credit like a tilting ſtaffe
moſt cunningly it brake, and at one courſe
he ran away with thirty thouſand pound,
returning to the City ſeven year after,
having compounded with his creditors
for the third moity, he buyes an office
belonging to our place, depends on us,
in which the oppreſſion and vile injuries
he hath done poore ſuters, they have cauſe to rue,
and I to pity: he hath ſold his ſmiles
for ſilver, but his promiſes for gold,
his delayes have undone men.
The plague that in ſome foulded cloud remaines,
the bright Sun ſoone diſperſeth; but obſerve,
when black infection in ſome dunghill lies,
there's worke for bells and graves, if it doe riſe.

Numitor. He was an ill prop to your houſe, my Lord.

Appius. 'Tis true my Lord, but we that have ſuch ſervants,
are like to Cuccolds that have riotous wives,
we are the laſt that know it: this is it
makes noblemen ſuſpected to have done ill,
when the oppreſſion lies in their proud followers.

Clod. My Lord, it was ſome ſoothing ſicophant,
ſome baſe detracting Raſcal that hath ſpread
this falſehood in your ears.

App. Peace Impudence, did I not yeſter day, no longer ſince

ſurprize thee in thy Study counterfeiting our hand? *Clod.* 'Tis true, my Lord.

App. Being ſubſcribed unto a Letter fill'd with amorous ſtuff unto this Lady?

Clod. I have askt your pardon, and gave you reaſon why I was ſo bold to uſe that forgery.

App. Did you receive it?

Virg. I did my Lord, and I can ſhew your Lordſhip a packet of ſuch Letters.

App. Now by the Gods, I'l make you rue it. I beſeech you Sir, ſhow them the reaſon mov'd you counterfeit our Letter. *Enter Valerius.*

Clod. Sir, I had no other colour to come to ſpeak with her.

App. A goodly reaſon! Did you until this hour acquaint the Lady with your intended ſuit?

Clod. At ſeveral times, and would have drawn her by ſome private courſe to have compounded for her liberty.

Virg. Now by a Virgins honour and true birth, 'tis falſe, my Lord, I never had a dream ſo terrible as is this monſtrous divel.

App. Well Sir, referring my particular wrong to a particular cenſure, I would know what is your ſuit? *Clod.* My Lord, a ſpeedy tryal.

App. You ſhall obtain't with all ſeverity, I will not give you longer time to dream upon new ſlights to cloak your forgery. Obſerve you this Camelion, my Lords, Ile make him change his colour preſently.

Numit. My Lord, although th' uprightneſs of our cauſe needs no delayes, yet for the ſatisfaction of old *Virginius*, let him be preſent when we ſh. ll crave a tryal.

Appius. Sir it needs not: Who ſtands for father of the Innocent, if not the Judg? Ile ſave the poor old man that needleſs travel.

Virg. With your favour Sir, we muſt intreat ſome reſpit in a buſineſs

ſo

so needful of his presence.
App. I do protest,
you wrong your selves thus to importune it.
Well, let it be to morrow, I'l not sleep
till I have made this thicket a smooth plain,
and giv'n you your true honor back again.
Icil. My Lord, the distance 'twixt the Camp and us
cannot be measured in so short a time.
Let us have four dayes respit.
App. You are unwise;
rumor by that time will have fully spred
the scandal, which being ended in one houe
will turn to air: To morrow is the Tryal,
in the mean time, let all contented thoughts
attend you.
Clod. My Lord, you deal unjustly
thus to dismis her; this is that they seek for,
before to morrow they'l convey her hence
where my claim shall not seise her.
App. Cunning knave,
You would have bond for her appearance? say.
Clod. I think the motions honest.
App. Very good.
Icilius shall engage his honoured word
for her appearance.
Clod. As you please, my Lord,
But it were fitting her old Uncle there
were jointly bound with him.
App. Well Sir, your pleasure
shall have satiety. You'l take our word
for her appearance; will you not Sir, I pray?
Clod. Most willingly my Lord.
App. Then Sir you have it,
and i'th' mean time I'l take the honoured Lady
into my guardianship, and by my life,
I'l use her in all kindness as my wife.
Icil. Now by the Gods you shall not.
App. Shall not, what?
Icil. Not use her as your wife Sir.
App. O my Lord, I spake it from my heart.
Icil. I very likely.
She is a Virgin Sir, and must not lye
under a mans forth coming; do you mark?
not under your forth coming, leacherous *Appius.*

Appi. Mistake me not, my Lord. Our Secretary,
Take bonds for the appearance of this Lady.
And now to you sir, you that were my servant,
I here cashiere you; never shalt thou shrowde
thy villanies under our noble roofe,
nor scape the whip, or the fell hangmans hook
by warrant of our favour.

Clod. So my Lord,
I am more free to serve the Gods, I hope;
now I have lost your service.

App. Harke you sirra,
who shall give bonds for your appearance, ha?
to justifie your claim?

Clod. I have none, my Lord.

App. Away, commit him prisoner to his chamber:
I'le keep you safe from starting.

Clod. Why my Lord?

App. Away, I wil not hear you.
A Judges heart here in the midst must stand,
and move not a haires bredth to either hand. *Exit.*

Numit. O were thy heart but of the self same piece
thy tongue is, *Appius*; how bleft were *Rome*!

Icil. Post to the campe *Sertorius*, thou hast heard
th'effect of all, relate it to *Virginius*.
I pray thee use thy ablest horsemanship,
for it concerns us near. *Serto.* I goe my Lord. *Exit.*

Icil. Sure all this is damn'd cunning.

Virg. O my Lord,
seamen in tempests shun the flattering shore,
to bear full sails upon't were danger more.
So men o're born with greatnes stil hold dread,
false seeming friends that on their bosomes spread:
for this is a safe truth which never varies,
He that strikes all his sailes seldome miscarries.

Icil. Must we be slaves both to a tyrants will,
and confounding ignorance at once?
Where are we, in a mist, or is this hell?
I have seen as great as the proud Judge have fell:
the bending Willow yeilding to each wind,
shall keep his rooting firme, when the proud Oak
braving the storme, presuming on his root,
shall have his body rent from head to foote;
Let us expect the worst that may befal,
and with a noble confidence beare all. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Appius, Clodius, and a servant.

App. Here, bear this packet to *Minutius*,
and privately deliver't, make as much speed
as if thy father were deceas'd i'th' Camp,
and that thou went'st to take th'Administration
of what he left thee. Fly. *Serv.* I go my Lord. *Exit.*

App. O my trusty *Clodius*.

Clod. My dear Lord,
let me adore your divine policy.
You have poison'd them with sweet meats, you have my Lord.
But what contain those Letters?

App. Much importance.
Minutius is commanded by that packet
to hold *Virginius* prisoner in the Camp
on some suspect of Treason.

Clod. But my Lord, how will you answer this?

App. Tush, any fault
or shadow of a Crime will be sufficient
for his committing: thus when he is absent
we shall in a more calm and friendly sea
sail to our purpose.

Clod. *Mercury* himself
could not direct more safely.

App. O my *Clodius*,
Observe this rule, one ill must cure another;
as *Aconitum* a strong poison, brings
a present cure against all Serpents stings.
In high attempts, the soul hath infinite eyes,
and 'tis necessity makes men most wise.
Should I miscarry in this desperate plot,
this of my fate in after times be spoken,
I'l break that with my weight on which I am broken. *Exeunt.*

Enter Two Serving men at one door, at the other Corbulo
the Clowne melancholy.

1 *Serving.* Why how now *Corbulo*? thou wast not wont to be of this sad temper. What's the matter now?

Corb. Times change, and seasons alter, some men are born to the Bench, and some to the halter. What do you think now that I am?

1. *Serving.* I think thee to be *Virginia*'s man; and *Corbulo*.

Corb. No, no such matter: ghess again, tell me but what I am, or what manner of fellow you imagine me to be?

1. *Serving.* I take thee to be an honest good fellow.

Corb. Wide of the bow hand ſtil: *Corbulo* is no ſuch man.

2. *Serving.* What art thou then?

Corb. Liſten, and I'l deſcribe my ſelf to you: I am ſomething better then a Knave, and yet come ſhort of being an honeſt man; and though I can ſing a treble, yet am accounted but as one of the baſe, being indeed, and as the caſe ſtands with me at this preſent, inferiour to a rogue, and three degrees worſe then a Raſcal.

1. *Serving.* How comes this to paſſe?

Corb. Only by my ſervices ſucceſſe. Take heed whom you ſerve, Oh you ſerving Creatures; for this is all I have got by ſerving my Lady *Virginia*.

2. *Serving.* Why, what of her?

Corb. She is not the woman you take her to be; for though ſhe have borrowed no money, yet ſhe is entered into bonds; and though you may think her a woman not ſufficient, yet 'tis very like her bond will be taken. The truth is, ſhe is challenged to be a bond woman; now if ſhe be a bondwoman and a ſlave, and I her ſervant and Vaſſal, what did you take me to be? I am an Ant, a Gnat, a worm, a Woodcock amongſt birds, a Hodmondod amongſt flies, amongſt Curs a trindle tale, and amongſt fiſhes a poor Iper; but amongſt Serving men worſe, worſe then the mans man to the under Yeomen Fewterer.

1. *Serving.* But is it poſſible, thy Lady is challenged to be a ſlave? What witneſs have they?

Corb. Witneſs theſe Fountains, theſe Flood-gates, theſe Well-ſprings: the poor Gentlewoman was Arreſted in the open Market; I offered, I offered to bail her, but (though ſhe was) I could not be taken. The grief hath gone ſo near my heart, that until I be made free, I ſhall never be mine own man. The Lord *Appius* hath committed her to Ward, and it is thought ſhe ſhall neither lye on the Knight ſide, nor in the Troping Ward, for if he may have his will of her, he means to put her in the Hole. His Warrant hath been out for her, but how the caſe ſtands with him, or how matters will be taken up with her, 'tis yet uncertain.

2. *Serving.* When ſhall the Tryal be?

Corb. I take it to be as ſoon as the morning is brought a bed of a new ſon and Heir.

2. *Serving.* And when is that?

Corb. Why to morrow, for every morning you know brings forth a new ſun, but they are all ſhort liv'd, for every night ſhee drowns them in the Weſtern ſea. But to leave theſe *Ænigmaes*, as too high for your dull apprehenſions. Shall I ſee you at the Tryal to morrow?

1. *Serving.* By *Jove* help I'l be there.

2. *Serving.*

2. *Serving.* And I, if I live.

Corb. And I, if I dye for't: Here's my hand I'l meet you. It is thought my old master will be there at the Bar; for though all the timber of his house yet stand, yet my Lord *Numitorius* hath sent one of his Posts to the Camp to bid him spur out and come to the sentence. Oh we have a house at home as heavy as if it were covered with lead. But you will remember to be there.

1. *Serving.* And not to fail.

Corb. If I chance to meet you there, and that the Case go against us, I will give you a quart, not of Wine, but of Tears; for instead of a new Role, I purpose to break my Fast with sops of sorrow.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

Enter Virginius like a slave, Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Horatio Virginia like a slave, Julia, Calphurina, Nurse.

Virginius. THanks to my noble friends, it now appears
that you have rather lov'd me then my fortune,
for that's near shipwrackt: chance you see still ranges,
and this short dance of life is full of changes.
Appius! how hollow that name sounds, how dreadful?
It is a question, whether the proud Leacher
will view us to our merit; for they say,
his memory to vertue and good men
is still carousing *Lethe.* O the Gods,
not with more terror do the souls in hell
appear before the seat of *Rhadamant*,
then the poor Clyent yonder.

Numit. O *Virginius.*
Why do you wear this habit? it ill fits
your noble person, or this reverend place.

Virg. Thats true, old man, but it well fits the case
thats now in question. If with form and shew
they prove her slaved, all freedome I'le forgoe.

Icilius. Noble *Virginius*,
put out a bold and confident defence:
search this Imposture, like a cunning Tryer,
false mettals bear the touch, but brook not fire:

their

their bri ttleneſs betrayes them; let your breath
diſcover as much ſhame in them, as death
did ever draw from Offenders. Let your truth
nobly ſupported, void of fear or art,
welcome what ever comes with a great heart.

Virginius. Now by the Gods, I thank thee noble youth.
I never fear'd in a beſieged Town
Mines or great Engines like yon Lawyers Gown.

Virginia. O my dear Lord and father, once you gave me
a noble freedom, do not ſee it loſt
without a forfeit; take the life you gave me
and ſacrifice it rather to the gods
then to a villains Luſt. Happy the Wretch
who born in bondage lives and dies a ſlave,
and ſees no luſtful projects bent upon her,
and neither knowes the life nor death of honor.

Icil. We have neither Juſtice, no nor violence,
which ſhould reform corruption ſufficient
to croſs their black premeditated doom.
Appius will ſeize her, all the fire in hell
is leapt into his boſom.

Virginius. O you Gods,
extinguiſh it with your compaſſionate tears,
although you make a ſecond deluge ſpread,
and ſwell more high then *Teneriffe's* high head.
Have not the Wars heapt ſnow ſufficient
upon this aged head, but they will ſtil
pile winter upon winter?

Enter Appius, Oppius, Clodius, ſix Senators, Lictors.

Appius. Is he come? ſay.
Now by my life I'l quit the General.

Numit. Your reverence to the Judge, good brother.

Virginius. Yes Sir, I have learnt my complement thus,
Bleſt mean eſtates who ſtand in fear of many,
and great are curſt for that they fear not any.

App. What is *Virginius* come?

Virg. I am here my Lord.

App. Where is your daughter?

Numit. Here my reverend Lord.
Your habit ſhewes you ſtrangely.

Virginia. O 'tis fit,
it ſutes both time and cauſe. Pray pardon it,

App

App. Where is your Advocate?
Virg. I have none my Lord.
Truth needs no Advocate, the unjuſt Cauſe
buyes up the tongues that travel with applauſe
in theſe your thronged Courts. I want not any,
and count him the moſt wretched that needs many.
Orator. May it pleaſe your reverend Lordſhips?
App. What are you Sir?
Orat. Of counſel with my Clyent *Marcus Clodius.*
Virg. My Lord, I undertake a deſperate combat
to cope with this moſt eloquent Lawyer:
I have no skill i'th' weapon, good my Lord;
I mean, I am not travell'd in your Lawes.
My ſuit is therefore by your ſpecial goodneſs
they be not wreſted againſt me.
App. O *Virginius*, the gods defend they ſhould.
Virg. Your humble ſervant ſhall ever pray for you.
Thus ſhall your glory be above your place,
or thoſe high titles which you hold in Court,
for they dy bleſt that dy in good report.
Now Sir I ſtand you.
Orat. Then have at you Sir.
May it pleaſe your Lordſhips, here is ſuch a Caſe
ſo full of ſubtilty, and as it were,
ſo far benighted in an ignorant miſt,
that though my reading be ſufficient,
my practice more, I never was intangled
in the like purſenet. Here is one that claimes
this woman for his daughter. Heres another
affirms ſhe is his Bond-ſlave. Now the Queſtion
(with favour of the Bench) I ſhall make plain
in two words only without circumſtance.
App. Fall to your proofs.
Orat. Where are our papers. *Clod.* Here Sir.
Orat. Where Sir? I vow y'are the moſt tedious Clyent.
Now we come to't my Lord. Thus ſtands the Caſe,
the Law is clear on our ſides. Hold your prating.
That honourable Lord *Virginius*,
having been married about fifteen year,
and Iſſuleſs, this Virgins politick mother
Seeing the Land was likely to deſcend
to *Numitorius*. I pray Sir liſten.
You my Lord *Numitorius* attend,
we are on your ſide. Old *Virginius*

imployed in forraign wars, she sends him word
she was with child; observe it, I beseech you,
and note the trick of a deceitful woman:
she in the mean time fains the passions
of a great bellyed woman, counterfets
their passions and their qualms, and verily
all *Rome* held this for no imposterous stuff.
What's to be done now? heres a rumor spread
of a young Heir, gods bless it, and belly
bumbasted with a cushion: but their wants,
(What wants there?) nothing but a pretty babe,
bought with some piece of mony, where it skils not,
to furnish this supposed lying in.

Nurse. I protest my Lord, the fellow i'th' night cap
hath not spoke one true word yet.

App. Hold you your prating woman til you are call'd.

Orat. 'Tis purchast. Where? From this mans bond-woman
The mony paid. What was the sum of mony?

Clod. A thousand Drachmas.

Orat. Good, a thousand Drachmas.

App. Where is that bond-woman.

Clod. She's dead, my Lord.

App. O dead, that makes your Cause suspicious.

Orat. But here's her deposition on her death bed,
with other testimony to confirm
what we have said is true. Wilt please your Lordship
take pains to view these writings. Here, my Lord,
we shall not need to hold your Lordships long,
we'l make short work on't. *Virg.* My Lord.

App. By your favour.
If that your claim be just, how happens it
that you have discontinued it the space
of fourteen years?

Orat. I shall resolve your Lordship.

Icil. I vow this is a practis'd Dialogue:
comes it not rarely off?

Virg. Peace, give them leave.

Orat. 'Tis very true, this Gentleman at first
thought to conceal this accident, and did so,
only reveal'd his knowledg to the mother
of this fair bond-woman, who bought his silence
during her life time with great sums of Coyn.

App. Where are your proofs of that?

Orat. Here, my good Lord, with depositions likewise.

App.

App. Well, go on.

Orat. For your queſtion
of diſcontinuance. Put caſe my ſlave
run away from me, dwell in ſome near City
the ſpace of twenty years, and there grow rich,
it is in my diſcretion, by your favor,
to ſeize him when I pleaſe. *App.* That's very true.

Virginia. Caſt not your nobler beams, you reverend Judges
on ſuch a putrified dunghil.

App. By your favour, you ſhall be heard anon.

Virg. My Lords, believe not this ſpruce Orator.
Had I but fee'd him firſt, he would have told
as ſmooth a tale on our ſide. *App.* Give us leave.

Virg. He deals in formal gloſſes, cunning ſhowes,
and cares not greatly which way the Caſe goes;
Examine I beſeech you this old woman,
who is the trueſt witneſs of her birth.

App. Soft you, is ſhe your only witneſs?

Virg. She is, my Lord.

App. Why, is it poſſible
ſuch a great Lady in her time of child birth,
ſhould have no other Witneſs but a Nurſe?

Virg. For ought I know the reſt are dead, my Lord.

App. Dead? no my Lord, belike they were of counſel
with your deceaſed Lady, and ſo ſham'd
twice to give colour to ſo vile an act.
Thou Nurſe obſerve me, thy offence already
doth merit puniſhment beyond our cenſure,
pull not more whips upon thee.

Nurſe. I defie your whips, my Lord.

App. Command her ſilence Lictors.

Virg. O injuſtice! you frown away my Witneſs;
Is this Law? is this uprightneſs?

App. Have you viewed the Writings?
This is a trick to make our ſlaves our heirs
beyond prevention.

Virg. *Appius*, wilt thou hear me?
You have ſlandred a ſweet Lady that now ſleeps
in a moſt noble Monument. Obſerve me,
I would have ta'ne her ſimple word to gage
before his ſoul or thine.

App. That makes thee wretched.
Old man, I am ſorry for thee that thy love,
by cuſtome is growne natural, which by nature

ſhould be an abſolute loathing. Note the Sparrow,
that having hatch'd a Cucko, when it ſees
her brood a Monſter to her proper kind,
forſakes it, and with more fear ſhuns the neſt,
then ſhe had care i'th' Spring to have it dreſt.
caſt thy affection then behind thy back, and think.——

Orat. Be wiſe, take counſel of your friends.
You have many ſouldiers in their time of ſervice
father ſtrange children.

Virg. True: and Pleaders too,
when they are ſent to viſit Provinces.
You my moſt neat and cunning Orator,
whoſe tongue is Quick-ſilver, Pray thee good *Janus*
look not ſo many ſeveral wayes at once,
but go to th' point.

Orat. I will, and keep you out
at points end, though I am no ſouldier.

App. Firſt the oath of the deceaſed bond-woman.

Orat. A very vertuous Matron.

App. Join'd with the teſtimony of *Clodius.*

Orat. A moſt approved honeſt Gentleman.

App. Beſides ſix other honeſt Gentlemen.

Orat. All Knights, and there's no queſtion but their oaths
will go for currant.

App. See my reverend Lords,
and wonder at a Caſe ſo evident.

Virg. My Lord, I knew it.

Orat. Obſerve my Lord how their own Policy
confounds them. Had your Lordſhip yeſterday
proceeded as 'twas fit, to a juſt ſentence,
the Aparrel and the Jewels that ſhe wore,
more worth then all her Tribe, had then been due
unto our Client: now to coſen him
of ſuch a forfeit, ſee they bring the maid
in her moſt proper habit, bond-ſlave like,
and they will ſave by th' hand too. Pleaſe your Lordſhips,
I crave a ſentence.

Virginius. Appius. Virginia. My Lord.

Icil. Lord *Appius.*

Virginius. Now by the Gods here's juggling.

Numit. Who cannot counterfeit a dead mans hand?

Virginius. Or hire ſome villains to ſwear forgeries?

Icil. Clodius was brought up in your houſe my Lord,
and that's ſuſpicious.

Numit.

Numit. How is't probable,
that our wife being preſent at the child-birth,
whom this did neareſt concern, ſhould nere reveal it?
Virg. Or if ours dealt thus cunningly, how haps it
her policy, as you term it, did not rather
provide an Iſſue male to chear the father?
Orat. I'l anſwer each particular.
App. It needs not.
Heres witneſs, moſt ſufficient witneſs.
Think you, my Lord, our Lawes are writ in ſnow,
and that your breath can melt them?
Virginius. No my Lord,
We have not ſuch hot livers: Mark you that?
Virginia. Remember yet the Gods, O *Appius*,
who have no part in this. Thy violent Luſt
ſhall like the biting of the invenom'd Aſpick,
ſteal thee to hell. So ſubtil are thy evils,
in life they'l ſeem good Angels, in death divels.
App. Obſerve you not this ſcandal?
Icil. Sir, 'Tis none.
I'l ſhow thy Letters full of violent Luſt
ſent to this Lady.
App. Wilt thou breath a lye
'fore ſuch a reverend Audience?
Icil. That place
is ſanctuary to thee. Lye? ſee here they are.
App. My Lords, theſe are but dilatory ſhifts.
Sirrah I know you to the very heart,
and I'l obſerve you.
Icil. Do but do it with Juſtice.
Clear thy ſelf firſt, O *Appius*, ere thou judg
our imperfections raſhly, for we wot
the Office of a Juſtice is perverted quite
when one thief hangs another.
1. *Senator.* You are too bold. *App.* Lictors take charge of him.
Icil. 'Tis very good.
Will no man view theſe papers? What not one?
Jove thou haſt found a Rival upon earth,
his nod ſtrikes all men dumb. My duty to you.
The Aſs that carried *Iſis* on his back,
thought that the ſuperſtitious people kneel'd
to give his du'neſſe humole reverence.
If thou think'ſt ſo, proud Judg, I let thee ſee
I bend low to thy Gown, but not to thee.

Virg.

Virg. There's one in hold already. Noble youth
fetters grace one being worn for ſpeaking truth;
I'l lye with thee, I ſwear, though in a dungeon;
the injuries you do us we ſhall pardon,
but it is juſt the wrongs which we forgive,
the gods are charg'd therewith to ſee revenged.
App. Come, y'are a proud *Plebeian.*
Virg. True my Lord.
Proud in the glory of my Anceſtors,
who have continued theſe eight hundred years:
the Heralds have not knowne you theſe eight months.
App. Your madneſs wrongs you, by my ſoul I love you.
Virg. Thy ſoul?
O thy opinion old *Pythagoras,*
Whither, O whither ſhould thy black ſoul fly,
into what ravenous bird or beaſt moſt vile?
only into a weeping Crocodile.
Love me? Thou lov'ſt me (*Appius*) as the earth loves rain,
thou fain wouldſt ſwallow me.
App. Know you the place you ſpeak in?
Virg. I'l ſpeak freely.
Good men too much truſting their innocence
do not betake them to that juſt defence
which Gods and Nature gave them; but even wink
in the black tempeſt, and ſo fondly ſink.
App. Let us proceed to ſentence.
Virg. Ere you ſpeak
One parting farwel let me borrow of you
to take of my *Virginia.*
App. Now my Lords,
we ſhall have fair confeſſion of the truth.
Pray take your courſe.
Virg. Farewel my ſweet *Virginia,* never, never
ſhall I taſte fruit of the moſt bleſſed hope
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
of thy moſt pretty infancy, when firſt
returning from the Wars, I took delight
to rock thee in my Target, when my Girl
would kiſs her father in his burganet
of glittering ſteel hung 'bout his armed neck;
and viewing the bright mettal, ſmile to ſee
another fair *Virginia* ſmile on thee.
When I firſt taught thee how to go, to ſpeak,
and when my wounds have ſmarted, I have ſung

with

with an unskilful, yet a willing voice,
to bring my Girl asleep. O my *Virginia*,
when we begun to be, begun our woes,
increasing still, as dying life still growes.

App. This tediousness doth much offend the Court.
Silence: attend her Sentence.

Virg. Hold, without Sentence I'l resign her freely,
since you will prove her to be none of mine.

App. See, see, how evidently Truth appears.
Receive her *Clodius*.

Virg. Thus I surrender her into the Court *Kills her.*
of all the Gods. And see proud *Appius* see,
although not justly, I have made her free.
And if thy Lust with this Act be not fed,
bury her in thy bowels, now shee's dead.

Omnes. O horrid act!

App. Lay hand upon the Murderer.

Virg. Oh for a ring of pikes to circle me.
What? have I stood the brunt of thousand enemies
here to be slain by hang-men? No. I'l fly
to safety in the Camp.

App. Some pursue the villain,
others take up the body. Madness and rage
are still th' Attendants of old doting age.

Enter two Souldiers.

1 Is our Hut swept clean?

2 As I can make it.

1 'Tis betwixt us two;
but how many think'st thou, bred of Roman blood,
did lodg with us last night?

2 More I think then the Camp hath enemies,
they are not to be numbred.

1. Comrague, I fear *Appius* will doom us to *Actæons* death,
to be worried by the Cattel that we feed.
How goes the day?

2 My stomack has struck twelve.

1 Come see what provant our knapsack yeilds.
This is our store, our Garner.

2 A smal pittance.

1 Feeds *Appius* thus, is this a City feast?
This crust doth taste like date stones, and this thing
if I knew what to call it.

2 I can tell you: cheese struck in years.

1 I do not think but this same cruft was bak'd
and this cheese frighted out of milk and whey
before we two were souldiers: though it be old
I see 't can crawl; what living things be these
that walk so freely 'tween the rind and pith?
for here's no sap left.

2 They call them Gentles.

1 Therefore 'tis thought fit,
that Souldiers by profession Gentlemen
should thus be fed with Gentles. I am stomack sick,
I must have some strong water.

2 Where will you hav't?

1 In yon green ditch, a place which none can pass
but he must stop his nose, thou know'st it well,
there where the two dead dogs lye.

2 Yes I know't.

1 And see the Cat that lyes a distance off
be flead for supper. Though we dine to day
as Dutch men feed their souldiers, we will sup
bravely like *Roman* Leaguerers.

2 Sir, the General.

1 Wee'l give him place,
but tell none of our dainties, lest we have
too many guests to supper.

Enter Minutius with his souldiers reading a Letter.

Minut. Most sure 'tis so, it cannot otherwise be,
Either *Virginius* is degenerate
from the ancient vertues he was wont to boast,
or in some strange displeasure with the Senate;
Why should these letters else from *Appius*
confine him a close prisoner to the Camp?
and which confirmes his guilt, why should he fly?
needs then must I incur some high displeasure
for negligence to let him thus escape;
which to excuse, and that it may appear
I have no hand with him, but am of faction
oppos'd in all things to the least misdeed,
I will cassheir him, and his Tribuneship
bestow upon some noble Gentleman
belonging to the Camp. Souldiers and friends,
you that beneath *Virginius* Colours march,
by strict command from the *Decemvirat*,

we

we take you from the charge of him late fled,
and his Authority, Command, and Honour
we give this worthy Roman. Know his Colours,
and prove his faithful Souldiers.

Roman. Warlike General,
my courage and my forwardneſſe in battel,
ſhal plead how well I can deſerve the title,
to bee a Roman Tribune.

Enter the firſt mutinous Souldier in haſte.

Minut. Now, the newes?

1. *Sould. Virginius* in a ſtrange ſhape of diſtraction,
enters the Campe, and at his heels a legion
of all eſtates, growths, ages, and degrees,
with breathleſſe paces dog his frighted ſteps.
It ſeemes half *Rome's* unpeopled with a traine
that either for ſome miſchiefe done, purſue him,
or to attend ſome uncouth novelty.

Minut. Some wonder our fear promiſes. Worthy ſouldiers,
martial your ſelves, and entertaine this novel
within a ring of ſteele: Wall in this portent
with men and harneſſe, be it ne're ſo dreadful.
Hee's entred by the clamour of the camp,
that entertaines him with theſe ecchoing ſhowts.
Affection that in Souldiers hearts is bred,
ſurvives the wounded, and out lives the dead.

Enter Virginius with his knife, that and his armes ſtript up to the elbowes all bloudy; coming into the midſt of the ſouldiers, he makes a ſtand.

Virg. Have I in all this populous Aſsembly
of ſouldiers that have prov'd *Virginius* valour,
one friend? Let him come thrill his partiſan
againſt this breſt, that through a large wide wound,
my mighty ſoule might ruſh out of this priſon
to flie more freely to yon chriſtal pallace,
where honour ſits inthroniſ'd. What, no friend?
Can this great multitude then yeild an enemy
that hates my life? Here let him ſeiſe it freely.
What, no man ſtrike? am I ſo wel beloved?
Minutius then to thee. If in this camp
there lives one man ſo juſt to puniſh ſin,
ſo charitable to redeem from torments
a wretched ſouldier, at his worthy hand

beg a death.

Minut. What means *Virginius*?

Virg. Or if the Generals heart be ſo obdure
to an old begging ſouldier, Have I here
no honeſt Legionary of mine own Troop
at whoſe bold hand and ſword, if not entreat
I may command a death?

1. *Sould.* Alas good Captain.

Minut. Virginius, you have no command at all,
your Companies are elſewhere now beſtowed.
Beſides, we have a Charge to ſtay you here,
and make you the Camps priſoner.

Virg. General, thanks.
For thou haſt done as much with one harſh word
as I beg'd from their weapons. Thou haſt kill'd me
but with a living death.

Minut. Beſides, I charge you
to ſpeak what means this ugly face of blood,
you put on your diſtractions? Whats the reaſon
all *Rome* purſues you, covering thoſe high hils,
as if they dog'd you for ſome damned act?
What have you done?

Virg. I have plaid the Parricide,
kill'd mine own child,

Minut. Virginia?

Virg. Yes, even ſhe.
Theſe rude hands ript her, and her innocent blood
flow'd above my elbowes.

Minut. Kill'd her willingly?

Virg. Willingly, with advice, premeditation,
and ſettled purpoſe; and ſee ſtill I wear
her crimſon colours, and theſe withered armes
are dy'd in her heart blood.

Minut. Moſt wretched villain?

Virg. But how? I lov'd her life. Lend me amongſt you
one ſpeaking Organ to diſcourſe her death;
It is too harſh an impoſition
to lay upon a father. O my *Virginia*!

Minut. How agrees this? love her, and murder her?

Virg. Yes, Give me but a little leave to drayn
a few red tears, (for ſouldiers ſhould weep blood)
and I'l agree them well. Attend me all.
Alas, might I have kept her chaſte and free,
this life ſo oft ingag'd for ingrateful *Rome*,

lay

lay in her bosom. But when I saw her pull'd
by *Appius* Lictors to be claim'd a slave,
and drag'd unto a publick Sessions house,
divorc'd from her fore Spousals with *Icilius*,
a noble youth, and made a bond-woman,
inforc'd by violence from her fathers armes
to be a Prostitute and Permour
to the rude twinings of a leacherous Judge;
Then, then, O loving Souldiers, (I'l not deny it)
for 'twas mine honor, my paternal pity,
and the sole act, for which I love my life.
Then lustful *Appius*, he that swayes the Land,
slew poor *Virginia* by this fathers hand.

1 *Sould.* O villain *Appius*.

2 *Sold.* O noble *Virginius*.

Virg. To you I appeal, you are my Sentencers:
Did *Appius* right, or poor *Virginius* wrong?
Sentence my Fact with a free general tongue.

1. *Sold.* *Appius* is the Parricide.

2. *Sold.* *Virginius* guiltless of his daughters death.

Minut. If this be true, *Virginius* as the moan
of all the Roman fry that followes you
confirmes at large, this cause is to be pityed,
and should not dy revengeless.

Virg. Noble *Minutius*,
Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too,
so most of you have Souldiers. Why might not this
have hapned you? Which of you all, deer freinds,
but now, even now, may have your wives deflowred,
your daughters slav'd, and made a Lictors prey?
Think them not safe in *Rome*, for mine lived there.

Roman. It is a common cause.

1 *Sold.* *Appius* shall dy for't.

2. *Sold.* Let's make *Virginius* General.

Omnes. A General, a General, lets make *Virginius* General.

Munit. It shall be so. *Virginius* take my Charge,
the wrongs are thine, so violent and so weighty
that none but he that lost so fair a child,
knowes how to punish. By the Gods of *Rome*,
Virginius shall succeed my full command.

Virg. What's honor unto me, a weak old man,
weary of life, and covetous of a grave?
I am a dead man now *Virginia* lives not,
the self same hand that dar'd to save from shame

a child, dares in the father act the same. *Offers to kill himself.*

1. *Sould.* Stay noble General.

Minut. You much forget revenge, *Virginius.*
Who, if you dye, will take your cause in hand,
and proscribe *Appius*, should you perish thus?

Virg. Thou oughtest *Minutius.* Soldiers, so ought you.
I'm out of fear, my noble wife's expir'd,
My daughter (of blest memory) the object
of *Appius* lust, lives 'mongst the Elysian Vestals,
my house yeilds none fit for his Lictors spoil.
You that have wives lodg'd in yon prison *Rome*,
have Lands unrifled, houses yet unseis'd,
your freeborn daughters yet unstrumpeted,
prevent these mischiefs yet while you have time.

1. *Sold.* We will by you our noble General.

2. *Sold.* He that was destin'd to preserve great *Rome*.

Virg. I accept your choice, in hope to guard yon all
from my inhumane sufferings. Be't my pride
that I have bred a daughter whose chast blood
was spilt for you, and for *Romes* lasting good.

Explicit Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus Scena Prima.

Enter Opius, a Senator, and the Advocate.

Opius. IS *Appius* then committed?

Senator. So 'tis rumor'd.

Opius. How will you bear you in this turbulent state?
You are a Member of that wretched Faction.
I wonder how you scape imprisonment?

Advocate. Let me alone, I have learnt with the wise Hedghog,
to stop my cave that way the tempest drives.
Never did Bear-whelp tumbling down a hill
with more art shrink his head betwixt his clawes
then I will work my safety. *Appius*
is in the sand already up to th' chin,
and shal I hazard landing on that shelf?
Hee's a wise friend that first befriends himself.

Opius. What is your course of safety?

Advoc. Marry this.

Virgin-

Virginius with his Troops is entering *Rome*,
and it is like that in the market place
my L. *Icilius* and himself shall meet.
Now to encounter these, two such great Armies,
where lies my Court of Guard?

Senat. Why in your heels.
There are strange dogs uncoupled.

Adv. You are deceiv'd,
I have studied a most eloquent Oration,
that shall applaud their fortune, and distaste
the cruelty of *Appius*.

Senat. Very good Sir.
It seems then you will rail upon your Lord,
your late good Benefactor.

Adv. By the way Sir.

Senat. Protest *Virginia* was no bond-woman,
and read her noble Pedigree.

Adv. By the way Sir.

Opius. Could you not by the way too find occasion
to beg Lord *Appius* Lands?

Adv. And by the way
perchance I will. For I will gull them all
most palbably.

Opius. Indeed you have the Art
of flattery.

Adv. Of Rhetorick you would say.
And I'l begin my smooth Oration thus,
Most learned Captains.

Senat. Fie, fie, thats horrible, most of your Captains
are utterly unlearned.

Adv. Yet I assure you,
most of them know Arithmatick so well,
that in a Muster to preserve dead payes,
they I make twelve stand for twenty.

Opius. Very good.

Adv. Then I proceed,
I do applaud your fortunes, and commend
in this your observation, noble shake-rags,
The Helmet shall no more harbour the spider,
but it shall serve to carowse Sack and Sider.
The rest within I'l study.

Opius. Farewel *Proteus*,
and I shall wish thy eloquent bravado
may sheild thee from the whip and Bastinado.

Now

now in this furious tempeſt let us glide,
with foulded ſails at pleaſure of the Tyde.

Enter Icilius, Horatio, Valerius, Numitorius (at one door) with Souldiers; Virginius, Minutius, and others at the other doore.

Icil. Stand.
Virg. Make a ſtand. *Wine*
Icil. A parly with *Virginius.*
Minut. We wil not truſt our General 'twixt the Armies,
but upon terms of hoſtage.
Numit. Well adviſed!
Nor we our General: who for the leaguer?
Minut. Our ſelfe. *Minutius and Numitorius meet embrace, ſalute the Generals.*
Virg. Who for the City?
Icil. Numitorius.
Numit. How is it with your ſorrow noble brother?
Virg. I am forſaken of the gods, old man.
Numit. Preach not that wretched doctrine to your ſelf,
It wil beget deſpaire.
Virg. What doe you call
a burning Feaver? Is not that a divel?
It ſhakes me like an earthquake. Wilt a,
give me ſome Wine?
Numit. O it is hurtful for you!
Virg. Why ſo? are all things that the appetite
of man doth covet in his perfect'ſt health,
what ever Art or Nature have invented,
to make the boundleſſe wiſh of man contented,
Are all his poiſon? Give me the Wine there. —— When?
Do you grudge me a poor cup of drink? Say, Say.
Now by the gods, I'll leave enough behind me
to pay my debts, and for the reſt, no matter
who ſcrambles for't.
Numit. Here my noble brother!
Alas, your hand ſhakes. I will guide it to you.
Virg. 'Tis true, it trembles. Welcome thou juſt palſie,
'twere pity this ſhould doe me longer ſervice,
now it hath ſlain my daughter. So I thank you;
now I have loſt all comforts in the world,
it ſeems I muſt a little longer live,
bee't but to ſerve my belly.

Minut.

Minut. O my Lord,
this violent Feaver took him late laſt night,
ſince when, the cruelty of the diſeaſe,
hath drawn him into ſundry paſſions
beyond his wonted temper.

Icil. 'Tis the gods
have powred their Juſtice on him.

Virg. You are ſadly met my Lord.

Icil. Would we had met
in a cold grave together two months ſince,
I ſhould not then have curſt you.

Virg. Ha! Whats that?

Icil. Old man, thou haſt ſhewed thy ſelf a noble *Roman*,
but an unnatural Father; thou haſt turned
my Bridal to a Funeral. What divel
did arme thy fury with the Lions paw,
the Dragons taile, with the Bulls double horne,
the Cormorants beak, the Cockatrices eyes,
the Scorpions teeth? and all theſe by a father
to be imployed upon his innocent child?

Virg. Young man, I love thy true deſcription;
I am happy now, that one beſide my ſelfe,
doth teach me for this act. Yet were I pleaſed,
I con'd approve the deed moſt Juſt and noble;
and ſure poſterity, which truely renders
to each man his deſert, ſhal praiſe me for't.

Icil. Come, 'twas unnatural and damnable.

Virg. You need not interrupt me. Here's a fury
wil doe it for you! You are a *Roman* Knight.
What was your oath when you receiv'd your Knighthood?
a parcel of it is, as I remember,
rather to die with honour, then to live
in ſervitude. Had my poor girle been raviſh'd,
in her diſhonour, and in my ſad griefe,
your love and pity quickly had ta'ne end.
Great mens miſfortunes thus have ever ſtood,
they touch none neerly, but their neereſt blood.
What do you meane to do? It ſeems, my Lord,
now you have caught the ſword within your hand,
like a mad man you'le draw it to offend
thoſe that beſt love you; and perhaps the counſel
of ſome looſe unthrifts, and vile male contents
hearten you to't: goe to, take your courſe,
my faction ſhal not give the leaſt advantage

to

to murtherers, to banquerouts, or theeves,
to fleece the common Wealth.

Icil. Do you term us ſo?
Shal I reprove your rage, or is't your malice?
He that would tame a Lion, doth not uſe
the goad or wierd whip, but a ſweet voice,
a fearful ſtroaking, and with food in hand
muſt ply his wanton hunger.

Virg. Want of ſleep wil do it better then all theſe, my Lord.
I would not have you wake for others ruine,
leſt you turn mad with watching.

Icil. O you gods!
You are now a General; learn to know your place,
and uſe your noble calling modeſtly.
Better had *Appius* been an upright Judg,
and yet an evil man, then honeſt man,
and yet a diſſolute Judg; for all diſgrace
lights leſſe upon the perſon, then the place.
You are i'th' City now, where if you raiſe
but the leaſt uproare, even your Fathers houſe
ſhal not be free from ranſack. Piteous fires
that chance in Towrs of ſtone, are not ſo feared
as thoſe that light in Flax ſhops; for there's food
for eminent ruin.

Minut. O my noble Lord!
Let not your paſſion bring a fatal end
to ſuch a good beginning. All the world
ſhal honour that deed in him, which firſt
grew to a reconcilement.

Icil. Come my Lord,
I love your friendſhip; yes in ſooth I do,
but wil not ſeale it with that bloody hand.
Joine we our armies. No phantaſtick copy,
or borrowed Preſident wil I aſſume
in my revenge. There's hope yet you may live,
to outwear this ſorrow.

Virg. O Impoſſible.
A minutes joy to me, would quite croſſe nature,
as thoſe that long have dwelt in noiſome rooms,
ſwoun preſently if they but ſcent perfumes.

Icil. to th' Senate. Come, no more of this ſad tale,
for ſuch a tel-tale may we term our grief,
and doth as 'twere ſo liſten to her own words,
Envious of others ſleep, becauſe ſhee wakes.

I ever

I ever would converſe with a griev'd perſon
in a longe journey to beguile the day,
or winter evening to paſſe time away.
March on, and let proud *Appius* in our view
like a tree rotted, fall that way he grew.

Enter Appius, and Marcus Clodius in priſon, fettered and gyved.

App. The world is chang'd now. All damnations
ſeize on the Hydra headed multitude,
that only gape for innovation.
O who would truſt a people?

Clod. Nay, who would not,
rather then one rear'd on a popular ſuffrage,
whoſe ſtation's built on Avees and Applauſe?
There's no firm ſtructure on theſe airy Baſes.
O fie upon ſuch Greatneſs.

App. The ſame hands
that yeſterday to hear me conſcionate.
and Ararorize, rung ſhril Plaudits forth
in ſign of grace, now in contempt and ſcorn
hurry me to this place of darkneſs.

Clod. Could not their poiſons rather ſpend themſelves,
on th' Judges folly, but muſt it needs ſtretch
to me his ſervant, and ſweep me along?
Curſe on the inconſtant rabble.

App. Grieves it thee
to impart my ſad diſaſter?

Clod. Marry doth it.

App. Thou ſhared'ſt a fortune with me in my Greatneſs,
I hal'd thee after when I climb my State,
and ſhrink'ſt thou at my ruine?

Clod. I loved your Greatneſs,
and would have trac'd you in the golden path
of ſweet promotion; but this your decline
ſowrs all theſe hoped ſweets.

App. 'Tis the world right.
Such gratitude a great man ſtill ſhall have
that truſts unto a temporizing ſlave.

Clod. Slave? Good. Which of us two in our dejection
is baſeſt? I am moſt ſure
your loathſome dungeon is as dark as mine,
your conſcience for a thouſand ſentences
wrongly denounc'd, much more oppreſt then mine.

then which is the moſt ſlave?

App. O double baſeneſs,
to hear a drudg thus with his Lord compare!
Great men diſgrac'd, ſlaves to their ſervants are.

Enter Virginius, Icilius, Minutius, Numitorius, Horatio, Valerius, Opius with ſouldiers.

Virg. Souldiers, keep a ſtrong guard whilſt we ſurvey our ſentenc'd priſoners. And from this deep dungeon keep off that great concourſe, whoſe violent hands would ruine this ſtone building and drag hence this impious Judg peice-meal, to tear his limbs before the Law convince him.

Icil. See theſe Monſters,
whoſe fronts the fair *Virginias* innocent blood
hath viſarded with ſuch black ugline ſs,
that they are loathſome to all good mens ſouls.
Speak damn'd Judg, how canſt thou purge thy ſelf
from Luſt and blood?

App. I do confeſs my ſelf
guilty of both: yet hear me, noble Romans,
Virginius, thou doſt but ſupply my place,
I thine. Fortune hath lift thee to my Chair,
and thrown me headlong to thy pleading bar.
If in mine eminence I was ſtern to thee;
ſhunning my rigor, likewiſe ſhun my fall.
And being mild where I ſhewed cruelty,
eſtabliſh ſtill thy greatneſs. Make ſome uſe
of this my bondage. With indifference
ſurvey me, and compare my yeſterday
with this ſad hour, my heighth with my decline,
and give them equal ballance.

Virg. Uncertain fate, but yeſterday his breath
aw'd *Rome*, and his leaſt torved frown was death:
I cannot chuſe but pity and lament,
So high a riſe ſhould have ſuch low diſcent.

Icil. He's ready to forget his injury.
(Oh too relenting age!) Thinks not *Virginius*,
if he ſhould pardon *Appius* this black deed,
and ſet him once more in the Ivory Chair,
he would be wary to avoid the like,
become a new man, a more upright Judge,
and deſerve better of the Common Weal?

Virg. 'Tis like he would.

Icil.

Icil. Nay, if you thus begin,
I'l fetch that ſhall anatomize his ſin. *Exit.*

Numit. *Virginius*, you are too remiſs to puniſh
deeds of this nature. You muſt faſhion now
your actions to your place, not to your paſſion,
ſeverity to ſuch acts is as neceſſary
as pity to the tears of innocence. *A ſhout.*

Minut. He ſpeaks but Law and Juſtice.
Make good the ſtreets, with your beſt men at arms:
Valerius and *Horatio* know the reaſon
of this loud uproar, and confuſed noiſe.
Although my heart be melting at the fall
of men in place and Office, we'l be juſt
to puniſh murdrous Acts, and cenſure Luſt.

Enter Valerius and Horatio.

Valer. *Icilius*, worthy Lord, bears through the ſtreet
the body of *Virginia* towards this priſon;
which when it was diſcovered to the people,
mov'd ſuch a mournful clamour, that their cryes
pierc'd heaven, and forc'd tears from their ſorrowing eyes.

Horat. Here comes *Icilius*.

Enter Icilius with the body of Virginia.

Icil. Where was thy pity when thou ſleweſt this maid,
thou wouldſt extend to *Appius*? Pity? See
her wounds ſtill bleeding at the horrid preſence
of yon ſtern Murderer, till ſhe find revenge;
nor will theſe drops ſtench, or theſe ſprings be dry
till theirs be ſet a bleeding. Shall her ſoul
(whoſe eſſence ſome ſuppoſe lives in the blood)
ſtill labour without reſt? Will old *Virginius*
murder her once again in this delay?

Virg. Pauſe there *Icilius*.
This ſight hath ſtiffned all my operant powers,
ic'd all my blood, benum'd my motion quite.
I'l powre my ſoul into my daughters belly,
and with a ſoldiers tears imbalm her wounds.
My only dear *Virginia*!

App. Leave this paſſion,
proceed to your juſt ſentence.

Virg. We will. Give me two ſwords. *Appius* graſp this,
You *Clodius* that. You ſhall be your own hang-men,
do Juſtice on your ſelves. You made *Virginius*
ſluce his own blood lodg'd in his daughters breſt,
which your own hands ſhall act upon your ſelves.

If you be Romans, and retain their ſpirits,
redeem a baſe life with a noble death,
and through your luſt-burnt veins confine your breath.
App. Virginius is a noble Juſticer,
had I my crooked paths levell'd by thine,
I had not ſwayed the ballance. Think not Lords,
but he that had the ſpirit to oppoſe the Gods,
dares likewiſe ſuffer what their powers inflict.
I have not dreaded famine, fire, nor ſtrage,
their common vengeance, poiſon in my cup,
nor dagger in my boſom, the revenge
of private men for private injuries;
nay more then theſe, not fear'd to commit evil,
and ſhall I tremble at the puniſhment?
Now with as much reſolved conſtancy,
as I offended, will I pay the mulct,
and this black ſtain laid on my family,
then which a nobler hath not place in *Rome*,
Waſh with my blood away. Learn of me *Clodius*,
I'l teach thee what thou never ſtudieſt yet,
thats bravely how to dy. Judges are term'd
the Gods on earth; and ſuch as are corrupt
read me in this my ruine. Thoſe that ſucceed me
that ſo offend, thus puniſh. This the ſum of all,
Appius that ſin'd, by *Appius* hand ſhall fall. *Kils himſelf*
Virg. He dyed as boldly as he baſely err'd,
and ſo ſhould every true bred Roman do.
And he whoſe life was odious, thus expiring,
in his death forceth pity. *Clodius* thou
waſt follower of his fortunes in his being,
therefore in his not being imitate
his fair example.
Clod. Death is terrible
unto a conſcience that's oppreſt with guilt.
They ſay there is *Elizium* and Hel,
the firſt I have forfeited, the latter fear.
My skin is not ſword proof.
Icil. Why doſt thou pawſe?
Clod. For mercy, mercy I intreat you all.
Is't not ſufficient for *Virginia* ſlain
that *Appius* ſuffered; one of noble blood,
and eminence in place, for a *Plebian*?
Beſides, he was my Lord and might command me:
If I did ought, 'twas by compulſion, Lords,

and

and therefore I crave mercy.

Icil. Shall I doom him?

Virg. Do, good *Icilius.*

Icil. Then I ſentence thus:
Thou hadſt a mercy, moſt unmerriting ſlave,
of which thy baſe birth was not capable,
which we take off by taking thence thy ſword.
And note the difference 'twixt a noble ſtrain,
and one bred from the rabble: both alike
dar'd to tranſgreſſe, but ſee their odds in death:
Appius dy'd like a Roman Gentleman,
and a man both wayes knowing; but this ſlave
is only ſenſible of vitious living,
not apprehenſive of a noble death.
Therefore as a baſe Malefactor (we)
and timerous ſlave, give him (as he deſerves)
unto the common Hangman.

Clod. What, no mercy?

Icil. Stop's mouth,
away with him: the life of the *Decemviri*
expires in them. *Rome* thou at length art free,
reſtored unto thine ancient liberty.

Minut. Of Conſuls: which bold *Junius Brutus* firſt
begun in *Tarquins* fall. *Virginius* you
and young *Icilius* ſhall his place ſucceed,
ſo by the peoples ſuffrage 'tis decreed.

Virg. We martial then our ſouldiers in that name
of Conſuls, honoured with theſe golden bayes.
Two fair, but Ladies moſt infortunate,
have in their ruins raiſ'd declining *Rome*,
Lucretia and *Virginia*, both renown'd
for chaſtity. Souldiers and noble Romans
to grace her death, whoſe life hath freed great *Rome*,
march with her Courſe to her ſad Funeral Tomb. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh.

FINIS.